

Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9177

NEWPORT, R. I., JUNE 30, 1923

VOLUME CLXVI—NO. 4

The Mercury

—PUBLISHED BY—
The MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Mercury Building
121 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

EXCELSIOR LODGE ANNIVERSARY

Excelsior Lodge of Odd Fellows is thirty-two years old today, having been instituted on June 30th, 1891, by Grand Master Peter J. Trumpler and board. Of the original 22 charter members, only nine are still members today—Allen C. Griffith, Louis Hess, William Allen, George W. Barlow, Joseph B. Wilbur, Robert Frame, Joseph M. Underwood, Christopher J. Simmons, and Edward Griffith. Of the others, nine have died and four have left the Order.

The growth of the Lodge has been a steady one, and its membership is now well over 450. The officers are ever on the alert for the good of the Order. The only officer of the Lodge that was elected at its first meeting and is still in the same office is, Allen C. Griffith, Past Grand, who was elected Financial Secretary and still holds that office. A close second is Perry B. Dawley, who was elected Recording Secretary in 1895, and who still holds that office. Of the 32 men who have presided over the Lodge as Noble Grand, seven have died and two are not now members of the Order.

HEAD MASTER EMERITUS

At the annual reunion of the Rogers High School Alumni Association on Friday evening of last week, announcement was made that the School Committee had elected Headmaster Frank E. Thompson as headmaster emeritus, thus relieving him of the burden of detail without depriving the pupils of the opportunity of profiting by his teaching. This is an honor that was accorded Mr. Thompson upon the completion of his fiftieth year in the Rogers. The action of the Committee is exceedingly pleasing to Mr. Thompson as well as to his friends and pupils.

As another mark of appreciation by former pupils, the members of the Alumni Association presented Mr. Thompson with a purse of gold. He was taken entirely by surprise when President John H. Nolan called him to the platform and made the presentation in behalf of the Alumni, but responded feelingly.

The School Committee have elected Fred P. Webber active headmaster of the Rogers and Fred W. Johnstone sub-master.

A farewell party was given Mrs. Martha Fielhauer on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Greenlund on an imaginary errand. Music and dancing was enjoyed. Cake, fruit punch and ice cream were served. Mrs. Fielhauer received a Rebekah ring, which was presented by the Noble Grand, Mrs. Rodick, in behalf of those present. She responded fittingly. Mrs. Fielhauer and her family will leave on Sunday evening for Cincinnati, O., where Mr. Fielhauer has secured a position.

Miss Martha C. Colman of Washington, who owns the beautiful residence at the corner of Berkeley and Bellevue avenues, has added to her property by the purchase of the Weaver property on Berkeley avenue. This gives her control of a large tract of land, as she had previously purchased the former Dr. Flint property further down Berkeley avenue.

PHONE STRIKE HERE

Although the general public hardly realized the fact, there has been a genuine strike on in Newport this week, beginning at 7:00 o'clock Tuesday morning, when the general order for telephone operators went into effect. A number of operators went out, and pickets have been on duty about the Exchange in an endeavor to keep their own members from returning to work as well as to draw off those who have stuck to their posts. No violence has been offered, and the workers have not been very accessible to the strikers because of the fact that the Telephone Company provided them with taxis for transportation or with sleeping and eating accommodations within the building as they preferred.

When the strike hour arrived it was a time of tension for Manager Wright and his loyal assistants, although they had intimation that a number of operators would remain loyal to the company. In this they were not disappointed, and it was soon found that by the use of these and a few former operators who came back for the emergency, it was possible to keep things going so that the general public suffered very little. As a matter of fact, the service has been very good, especially during the daytime, and on most of the boards there has been even less delay than under ordinary circumstances.

On the occasion of the last telephone strike, the Newport Exchange was pretty well crippled, and emergency messages only were handled by the aid of volunteers. This time there has been no restriction upon calls of any nature, and the company has been prepared to handle everything offered them. Of course, there has been some delay in toll line calls where operators of other exchanges have gone out with more unanimity than in Newport.

A little altercation between strike sympathizers and a special deputy caused the assembling of a large crowd on Spring street late Thursday evening, although there was no real trouble. The usual number of persons had gathered in the neighborhood of the Exchange at about 11 o'clock, when the special deputy told two men to move along. They crossed the street and joined another group who were near a policeman. Complaint was made to the policeman that the deputy had assaulted them, and his arrest was demanded. A large crowd was collected, and a call was sent for police reserves. When they arrived the only trouble that they encountered was in clearing the streets so that the trolleys and autos could pass through. In a few minutes a heavy shower broke and that ended the assemblage.

GOLF CLUB OPENING

The Wanumetonomy Golf and Country Club will be formally opened next Wednesday, July 4th, when it is expected that everything will be in readiness for the members. It was feared some time ago that the greens would not be quite fit for use, but the recent rains have helped some, and the committee has decided that if the players will use reasonable care there will be little likelihood of damage to the greens.

The clubhouse has been thoroughly remodeled to change it from an ordinary farm house to a comfortable club, and will be in readiness for use on the Fourth. The tennis courts are in good condition and can be used at any time.

There will be quite an interesting program for the day, competitions of various kinds having been arranged for the morning. In the afternoon and evening there will be an orchestra on hand, and cards and dancing will be enjoyed. Tea will be served.

BOGUS CHECK APPEARS

The Newport Trust Company had a narrow escape from serious loss through a bogus check that was presented last week. The check for some \$16,000 purported to be certified by a prominent New York bank, and did not look suspicious on its face, but for some reason the bank officers decided to investigate before paying it. The holder was told to call again in a few days, and when he did so was invited to go to the Police Station and explain. There it developed that the check had come into his possession through activity with the rum running fleet that had been operating off Block Island. He made it clear to the officers that he was a victim and had lost considerable cash through accepting the check.

It later developed that similar checks had been in circulation, all of which had the appearance of perfectly good bank paper.

AIR LINE OPENED

The formal opening of the New York-Newport Air Service took place on Wednesday and was made a very imposing function. The importance of the occasion was best emphasized by the presence of Major General Bullard, representing the Army, and of Commander A. C. Read, who was one of the men who made the record-breaking air flight from coast to coast a few months ago. The Government has taken a deep interest from the first in the opening of the Newport air line, because of its desire to aid commercial flying as a means of developing ships and men for government service when necessary. The use of the Coddington Point section of the Naval establishment here was secured only because of this desire on the part of the Government, as it has not been the custom to allow Government property to be used for private purposes.

The flight from New York to Newport was made in one hour and eighteen minutes on Wednesday. In the ship were General Manager Loenig, two New York newspaper men, and the pilot. A strong westerly wind helped to speed up the time of the trip, and the New Yorkers arrived here somewhat before the time they were expected. Immediately upon landing a message from Mayor Hyland of New York was handed to Mayor Sullivan of Newport, who sent his reply back by the same conveyance.

Newport took considerable interest in the opening of the new line. An automobile parade to the Station was started from Broadway and Gould street, the line being headed by the Fort Adams band. Then followed cars containing Mayor Sullivan, representatives of the city, Chamber of Commerce and other especially invited guests, and then the long line of private cars. Ample accommodations were reserved for parking at the Station and there were plenty of guards to prevent accidents. A battalion of apprentices from the Training Station were drawn up in line as a guard of honor, and the Training Station band rendered a number of selections.

After the landing, speeches were made by General Bullard, Commander Read, Manager Loenig, Mayor Sullivan and others. Later the official party was entertained at dinner by Mr. T. Sufferin Teller, who is one of the prominent underwriters of the line.

Regular service will be instituted shortly, and it is believed that the quick communication between New York and Newport will be considered a great advantage to New Yorkers who are anxious to get from their places of business in New York to their residences in Newport without unnecessary delay.

NO STATION CUT

The civilian employees at the Torpedo Station, who have been on the anxious seat ever since the last big cut in the forces there, which went into effect on June 1, are now feeling somewhat relieved. It had been announced that another substantial reduction would be made before July 1, in order to keep the expenses within the reduced allowance made by the Navy department for the support of the Station. This week, however, it was announced that the July allotment would be substantially the same as for June, so that there will probably be no further reduction in the size of the force unless an increase in individual wages should require that the amount available be distributed among a smaller number of men. The Naval wage board, which has been again considering the wage question, has not yet published its report, but unless the increase should be large the allotment will probably be large enough to cover it.

It looks now as though the station might run along on its present basis for some time. In the reduction for June 1, some 270 men were laid off, and in addition several "bosses" were sent back to their trades. Many of the men had been fearful of another sharp reduction, and some have been casting about for another place to land. With the closing of the Alexandria station, a number of skilled men have been thrown out, but it is expected that they will be quickly assimilated into private plants.

The increase in the July allotment for Newport is attributed largely to the efforts of Captain Earle, the new Inspector in charge, who was formerly at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance.

David J. Dugan of this city, who is now Senior Vice Department Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has been endorsed by the local Post for the office of Department Commander when the State Encampment is held.

GARDEN CLUB HERE

The presidents and delegates from the Garden Club of America have been in Newport this week and have been royally entertained by the members of the Garden Association of Newport. The attendance has been large, some staying at the fashionable hotels and others being guests in houses in the summer colony. A splendid program of entertainment was offered to the visitors and they have had full opportunity to enjoy all the beauties of Newport, both natural and artificial. The only damper upon the festivities of the occasion was the sudden death of Mrs. Wilbur E. Wilder, who was treasurer of the Newport Garden Association and had many friends among the members and visitors.

One of the features of the program for the visitors was the "entertainment Wednesday evening in the Rose Garden of Mrs. Arthur Curtis James. The garden was a bower of beauty, being illuminated by thousands of tiny electric lights. For the convenience of the visitors, and to permit parking of their cars, the roads through the grounds were cut off and all traffic was turned aside during the hours of the entertainment, special police officers being on duty there.

On Thursday the visitors were taken for a ride about the Island and to the Training Station, where a special review was put on by Captain Franck Taylor Evans. The day was concluded by a special bake at the Newport Clambake Club.

MRS. WILBUR E. WILDER

Mrs. Wilbur E. Wilder, who was formerly Mrs. William Grosvenor, died at her summer home, "Roslyn," in this city, on Tuesday, after a comparatively short illness. The announcement of her death came as a great shock to her many friends, some of whom did not even know that she was ill. Although she had been in poor health for several months, her condition assumed a critical phase only a few days before her death.

Mrs. Wilder was Rose Dimond Phinney, a daughter of the late Theodore W. Phinney, who was an early summer resident of Newport. She was married in 1882 to William Grosvenor, who was treasurer and principal owner of the Grosvenor Dale Company, one of the largest cotton manufacturing concerns in the world. He died in 1895. About two years ago she was married to Brigadier General Wilbur E. Wilder.

Mrs. Wilder had long been prominent in social affairs in Newport, as well as elsewhere. She was an indefatigable worker in whatever she undertook, and had a host of friends.

She is survived by her husband and six children by Mr. Grosvenor—Mrs. Dudley Davis, Mrs. G. Maurice Congdon, William Grosvenor, Mrs. George Penbody Gardiner, Jr., Mrs. Richard P. Curtis, and Mr. Theodore Phinney Grosvenor. The youngest son was recently married and is now enjoying his honeymoon in Europe.

A small schooner lies on the bottom of the ocean at Cormorant Rock, off the mouth of the Sakonnet River, and no clew to her identity or to the location of the crew have been obtained. The tops of the masts are sticking out of the water and are a menace to navigation, so that the lighthouse Bureau has been notified. A further effort will be made to identify the craft and to learn something about the crew. Some persons think that the vessel was a victim of rum-running operations.

Rev. Francis W. Gibbs of Fitchburg, Mass., preached an eloquent sermon to the two Masonic lodges on Sunday evening last, being assisted by Rev. Roy W. Magoun. The Weber Masonic Quartette of Boston rendered several hymns, with Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy at the organ. A heavy thunderstorm broke just as the lodges were marching to the church, and they were thoroughly drenched.

There was another incendiary fire in the Aquidneck Avenue section of Middletown early Thursday morning, but prompt work by the Middletown fire department prevented total loss. The summer home of Almira Pisha of New Bedford was fired under the front porch, and had made considerable headway before it was discovered. The loss will be in the neighborhood of \$500.

Mayor Sullivan has appointed former Senator Patrick J. Murphy as a member of the Park Commission to succeed Donald P. Thurston.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Next Wednesday will be Independence Day and will be very generally observed as a holiday in Newport. The city program for the day will not amount to much, as the small amount of money available will be devoted to sports and band concerts. Other features of the day will be the annual session of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, and the opening of the Wanumetonomy Golf and Country Club.

The program of sports will be divided into two sections, one for adults and the other for children, and will be held at Freebody Park and at Morton Park. A large number of prizes have been offered in both sections. Bands have been engaged to give concerts on the various parks during the afternoon and evening. There will be no public display of fireworks and no street parade.

The Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati will hold its customary sessions during the day. The business session will be held in the old State House at noon, and in the afternoon the session will be open to the public, when patriotic addresses will be made and a formal program of observance of the anniversary will be held. In the evening the annual dinner of the Society will be given at the Newport Casino, open only to members and invited guests.

The board of aldermen on Thursday evening voted to remove the restrictions that have existed on the sale of large firecrackers. For several years the sale of firecrackers over two inches in length has been prohibited, but the board has decided that the larger pieces may now be sold, trusting to the dealers to keep the dangerous ones out of the hands of the children.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a petition was received from the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, asking for exemption of taxes on its property located in Newport. The petition was referred to the representative council, although it was stated that a special act of the Legislature would be required.

A committee was present from the Spanish War Veterans to ask that the city apply to the War department for a gun, a relic of the Spanish War, that is now there. The gun was allotted to Woonsocket some years ago, but has never been claimed. The desire is to place the gun on Equality Park near the new monument. The board voted to make the request.

Hendrika V. Shaefer petitioned for damages for injuries received as the result of a fall on Thames street on April 3. She asked for \$2000 and the matter was referred to Alderman Hughes. A large amount of routine business was transacted and many licenses were granted.

SPARKS CIRCUS

Sparks Circus arrived in town on Thursday and immediately proceeded to Wellington Park, where two excellent exhibitions were given, in the afternoon and evening. The trains were late in coming into Newport, and it was about eight o'clock before the heavy job of transporting the entire equipment through Thames street to the Show lot could be begun. Some of the big teams had difficulty in negotiating the narrow lanes that were left open for traffic, but the drivers were all skillful and handled the horses effectively.

In consequence of the late arrival the parade was late in starting and it was nearly two o'clock before it passed down Thames street on its return to the lot. Many people, including a host of children, had stood on the street from eleven o'clock in their desire to see it, and many others gave it up and went home.

The circus was a good clean show, with a notable collection of trained animals. All the acts were good, and the large audiences were well pleased. The clowns were very amusing and tickled the kiddies immensely.

Tomorrow the second month of summer begins, and next Wednesday is the great and glorious Fourth of July. One month of summer is already gone, and it will not be long before old Winter will be approaching, though the weather for the past week or two would not indicate his near approach at present. The sun rises tomorrow at 5.11, daylight time, and sets at 8.27. The days have decreased three minutes, all in the morning.

Senator John H. Greene is able to be out after being hurt for some time by injuries received in an automobile accident in Providence.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Fire in Garage

While the chauffeur at the summer home of Mrs. Sarah K. Birkhead was filling an automobile with gasoline last Sunday, the machine suddenly became on fire. He tried to get it out of the garage, but found this impossible. The machine, which caught fire was a Cadillac, and a new Dodge Sedan was standing beside it. A call was sent to the Portsmouth fire department and the private fire apparatus of Oakland Farm also responded. These are both small machines equipped with chemicals. The Middletown apparatus, which has a pump as well as chemicals, was called and did good work. The garage and machines were totally destroyed, as was the greenhouse which was very near. The barn and farmer's residence, which was very near also, were caught in the fire several times, but the Middletown pumper was able to save this building. The residence of Mrs. Birkhead, which is some distance from the other buildings, was not damaged. The chauffeur received burns, but was not seriously hurt.

The lightning last Sunday evening struck the home of Mr. Karl Anthony, tearing off the corner board and shingles, but no serious damage was done. The house of Mr. Reston P. Manchester was struck, tearing the telephone wires out and pulling down a ceiling. One bolt struck in the lot opposite St. Mary's Rectory. Many electric lights were put out of commission. A bolt struck at the foot of Park avenue and struck the mud at the side of the road, completely covering the passengers of a Ford with mud.

A Fall River man was driving a Ford coupe to Newport on Monday when he had a blow-out in the right front tire, which caused the machine to swerve sharply to the right. The wheel hit a concrete culvert end just south of Isaac Gray's grocery store, breaking the culvert end off, and smashing the wheel, causing the machine to turn over on its side. The man and two small boys crawled out of the wreck. The man was badly bruised and scraped on the left arm, one boy was scratched on the arm, and with the exception of a few bruises the other child escaped unhurt. The machine was badly damaged.

The degree tenant of Portsmouth Grange went to Anthony, R. I., on Wednesday evening, where they exempted the degrees.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Hedley have had as guests their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hedley of Newtonville.

Mr. John R. Coggeshall is seriously ill at his home. His daughter, who resides in the West, has been summoned.

Invitations have been issued to the members of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, by Rev. Charles J. Harriman, to attend service at St. Paul's Church on Sunday, July 1.

St. Paul's Guild entertained the Ladies' Association at St. Paul's parish house on Tuesday. Luncheon was served. Much work was accomplished in preparation for their annual lawn party.

Mrs. Lucy Anthony is guest of Miss Lawrence at Mattapoisett.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Chase have as guest for the summer their grandson, Master Charlie Chase of Providence.

Mrs. Isabelle L. Tallman entertained at luncheon on Tuesday at Bristol Ferry Inn, Mrs. John Elliott, Mrs. Gilbert Elliott, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet and Mrs. Philip S. Wilbur.

News has been received of the marriage of Miss Olive Ernestine Taylor of Pittsfield, Maine, to Rev. Charles Whitman Cory, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Cory of Middle Road. The wedding took place in the Baptist Church of Pittsfield, and the double ring ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. Ernest L. Converse. The bride is a graduate of Maine Central Institute, 1919, and Gordon College, Boston, in the class of 1923. The groom is the pastor of the West Peabody Congregational Church, where their new home will be located. Mrs. Charles W. Cory, Sr., attended the wedding.

Mr. James Elliott, who recently graduated from the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has been visiting relatives in this town.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Eldredge have had as guests at their home at Bristol Ferry, Mr. and Mrs. William Wendall of Boston.

Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton and her two daughters, Louise and Lilian, of Westfield, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Lawton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Brayton.

The American Legion has accepted the design submitted by Sculptor Edmond T. Quinn for the memorial to be erected on the lawn of the City Hall. It will be necessary to raise several thousand dollars to finance the undertaking.

General John H. Wetherell and Miss Mary L. McMillan were united in marriage on Saturday afternoon, the ceremony being performed by Rev. John Howard Deming.

Gift of the Desert

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—On the isolated Meager ranch, on the southern border, Deborah Meredith, trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Meager, whose husband has recently been killed, victim of an accident. Immediately after the death, Bob Meager, Mrs. Meager's stepson, arrives and takes possession. He insults Deborah and she resolved to leave, but there seems no possibility of her getting away alone.

CHAPTER II.—Meager gloats over Deborah's plight, telling her he has sent for a justice of the peace, who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, the girl secures a revolver.

CHAPTER III.—The justice, Cornelius Garrity, accompanied and victim friend of Meager, arrives with a party, among them the "Frisco Kid," notorious desperado. The girl locks herself up.

CHAPTER IV.—Forced by Bob, Mrs. Meager decoys Deborah from the room and despite her protests the justice performs the marriage ceremony. Immediately afterward, she escapes and reaches her room.

CHAPTER V

The Blow in the Dark.

Deborah, the revolver held tightly in her fingers, moved silently back into the darkest corner of the room, and crouched there listening. If those men entered that door she meant to shoot, and shoot to kill. This one deadly purpose was all she was conscious of, or cared for.

Perhaps in some vague way, Meager may have realized her desperation. He knew nothing of her being armed, yet, even in his drunkenness, had learned something of her temper, and hesitated to face her immediately. Why should he run the risk? He already had attained his principal object; they were married, and he could wait until her anger subsided somewhat before asserting his legal rights. Meanwhile the boys were waiting for their drinks, and he felt more inclined to celebrate the victory along with them and let tomorrow take care of itself.

Some faint conception of this situation occurred to her, as she crouched there in the dark watchfully waiting, yet remained undisturbed. The tension relaxed, and she felt again her womanly weakness, her questioning and despair. She laid the revolver beside her on the floor and buckled the belt with its load of cartridges about her waist; then picked the weapon up once again and rested it on her knee. She was no longer crazed, but able to think clearly and decide what to attempt next.

Meager's action could mean but one thing—his utter confidence that she was already securely in his power. She could not escape, she would be waiting there for him when he was ready to possess her. What difference did an hour make; she was his wife; when he was drunk enough, reckless enough, he would come to claim her. Well, let him come; she would continue to wait, and he should have his welcome. His wife! She might be his widow before dawn.

She did not move for a long, long time; did not take her eyes from the closed door, or release her grip on the revolver. She felt cold, tireless, actuated only by a relentless hatred. She wished he would come so that it might be over with. But nothing happened, and little by little, her mood changed. The strain began to tell, began to break down her resolution, left her doubtful and afraid. She ventured to open the door a slight crack and peep cautiously out into the hall; it was deserted, not even a guard had been stationed there, but the door at the farther end, leading into the living room, had been left open, and she could hear the men in there making merry. It was a babel of voices at first; then someone began to sing a riddle song in English, and at the first line she drew back, shutting out the hateful sound with a feeling of supreme disgust.

Trembling from head to foot, she crossed to the window and looked out into the cool mists of the night. No guard had been posted here either. Evidently she had been left perfectly free to go or come as she pleased, yet she fully understood how limited that freedom was. She might flee from the house, but that was all; the borders of the ranch were still her prison walls, the efficient guard those sand deserts stretching in every direction, trackless and impassable on foot, vast, waterless leagues, where she would perish miserably. A light still burned in the bunkhouse, but the building seemed deserted. Once two men passed down the hill, leaning heavily upon each other, staggering and singing, disappearing finally through the open door. She was still staring after them, when a sound from behind suddenly caused her to face about. A fumbling hand was lifting the iron latch; the door was being pressed open with an effort at silence. Motionless, breathless with apprehension, the girl watched the entering beam of light broaden until Bob Meager stood swaying in the doorway, clutching at the knob to steady himself. He did not see her at first, his bloodshot eyes blindly searching the apartment; then he must have perceived her outline against the window, for he lurched forward, giving vent to an exclamation of relief.

"Hi—, so you are here, waiting for me? D—d if I didn't think maybe you'd taken a chance outside. Too black sensible, ain't you? I thought

likely you'd come to your senses if I left you here alone awhile. Going to be good to me now, you little cat? Say! what you got to say for yourself, anyhow?"

"Only this; don't you come another step toward me."

He burst into a gruff laugh, slapping his knee.

"The h—! you say! Who do you think I am, anyhow? Some kid afraid of a woman? Say, listen, that's no way for a wife to welcome her husband. I got a right here, and you bet I'm going to stay. Got an idea you can bluff me, I reckon. Well, I ain't that kind, an' you might as well learn it now as later. This is our wedding night. Here's where I ought to be, ain't it? Say, why don't you say something? What you going to do?"

"I am going to kill you, Bob Meager," she said coldly, "unless you leave this room."

"Kill me? Why, you blame little fool, I could crush the life out o' you with one hand—see, just like that. And by G—d, I got the right if you get too gay. I'm your husband, ain't I? That's what the law says, and I'm going to be your husband, you can bet your life on that. Think you'll scare me, do you? He burst into an ugly laugh. "Not this time, you won't." He turned and closed the door; then crossed the room toward her, reeling drunkenly, yet quite able to retain his feet. The starlight rendered his features visible. Her motionless silence caused him to pause.

"Pretty d—n still, ain't you?" he exclaimed, peering at her suspiciously; "why don't you talk? When I speak to a woman I want her to say something."

"There is nothing more for me to say."

"Only that you're going to kill me if I touch you, hey? All right, then; here's your chance."

He took two steps toward her, his hands reaching out eagerly, his face thrust forward. Then he stopped suddenly, with startled eyes staring into the leveled muzzle of the .44, his lips giving suppressed utterance to a swift ejaculation.

"You be d—d!"

"Put your hands up, Bob Meager!" the words were icy cold. "Up, I say! Don't fool with me now. Turn around and go out that door. I am not playing; this means your life or mine. Go!"

He cinged back, cowardly, yet with drunken cunning. Desperate as she was, there was hesitation in the girl's action. Dimly he grasped the truth that she shrank from the necessity of shooting; that she would actually pull the trigger only as a last resort. He took the chance.

"Sure," he muttered, "you got 'em drop and I care. So long, honey."

He half turned away, reeling drunkenly, then suddenly, unexpectedly, flung his body directly at her, crushing her back against the wall, both falling together, the weapon discharged beneath her body. Swift, surprising as the assault was, she had yet escaped the grip of his hands, and was on her knees again before he could move. The revolver was her only weapon, but in the fall she had lost grip of the stock. It lay there glittering in the starlight, and, desperate, maddened by the danger, obeying the first wild instinct of the instant, she snatched it up by the barrel and struck with all her force at the man's head. The fellow gave utterance to no moan, his limbs twitched, and then he lay motionless, his face against the floor.

Deborah slowly lifted her body, shrinking back from the darkly outlined form, beginning to comprehend with horror what she had done. She still held tight to the weapon with which she had dealt the blow, although realizing that she no longer required its protection. The silence was terrifying; her nerves tingled painfully, she found difficulty in breathing. Was the man dead? Had she actually killed him with that one hasty blow? She could scarcely realize the possibility, and yet she had struck with all her force, driven to it by terror uncontrollable. She shrank now from even touching him; nurse as she was, having witnessed death in every form of horror, and ministered to wounds of every degree, she would not place hand on this man, whether he lived or died. He represented to her mind all that was base and evil; she was glad she had struck him down.

But what now? This question overshadowed all else. The thing she had been imagining for so long had at last come to pass. He had come to her, come claiming her with insult and outrage, and she had actually dealt the blow of which she had dreamed. Her courage had not failed her, and he was lying there now in the darkness at her feet, sorely wounded, perhaps dead.

It was her act; she had done it—what now? She had never faced this situation before, the aftermath. Whether Meager was dead or alive, she must get away. Better to face any danger of the great desert than remain where she was, with not a friend to counsel or protect her, not a white man to whom she could appeal.

The girl thrust the revolver back into its holster at her waist, and glanced out through the window into the quiet night. Of two evils, the des-



She Hurried to Carry Out Her Plans.

ert, of these lawless men, she chose the less cruel, the desert. If she was to die, it would be, at least, in honor. Once decided, her mind worked rapidly. In all probability not a man remained sober about the house ranch; if any horses had been left in the stable, she therefore ought to get several hours the start of a pursuing party. She believed Meager was dead, and if so, his followers would be slow to discover what had happened, and would possess no leadership. This, inevitably would mean delay. While, even if the fellow should live, hours surely must elapse before he could take the trail. With a good horse under her, she would be beyond sight out on the desert, riding straight for those two peaks old Tom Meager had pointed out to her as marking the Nogales trail. With such a start in the race there was surely a chance to win. Her pulses throbbed excitedly at this sudden awakening of hope, and, without so much as another glance at the body prostrate on the floor, she hurried to carry out her plan.

An unrecognized Mexican lay in drunken slumber, curled up like a dog, on the floor of the passage, but she found no difficulty in passing the fellow. She neither heard nor saw any of the others, as she made her way through the rear door and across the few feet of open space dividing the main house from the detached kitchen. There was a lamp burning in the latter, but no occupant. Deborah knew the place well, and lost no time in gathering together what food she required, fortunate enough to discover a small sack in which it could be conveniently transported.

The effort had proven easy and safe so far, and her heart beat hopefully as she emerged from the kitchen, thus equipped. Now if she could only procure a horse, escape actually appeared possible. Doubtless the ranch horses had all been turned loose in the large corral. She had no means of catching these half-broken animals, but it might be that the horses ridden by the party arriving during the evening had been put up in the stable, ready for immediate use. These were weary enough from their desert trip when they arrived, but that was hours ago; they must have been fed and watered since, and with the rest would be fairly fit by this time for another journey. They were wiry broncos, able to endure any amount of hardship. It was then she remembered the horse the "Frisco Kid" had been riding. Even in the darkness she had marked the fine, blooded lines of the animal, the far better condition in which he appeared to be. If she could only lay hands on him.

"Frisco Kid!" What had ever become of the fellow? She wondered as she slowly made her way down the slope, keeping as far from the bunkhouse as possible. She had neither seen nor heard of him since that first meeting with Meager. Perhaps he was among those drunken dogs in the living room, sleeping off their carousal; yet somehow she did not believe it. Someway his voice and manner had strangely impressed her as different; he did not belong with that crew. Outlaw, desperado, she knew him to be, a man with a price on his head, yet surely he was no drunken, roystering brute. He had not even gone into the house; she was sure of that now, remembering clearly. He had led the horses away, while the other two entered with Meager. Nor had he returned later; not at least while she was at the window, and he was not in attendance at the wedding.

Then the truth suddenly occurred to her—the man was hiding out. He dare not risk drinking, or being shut up in a house. He was a hunted creature, watchful of treachery in every human being. He could trust to no one, not even his companions in crime; there was a reward for him, dead or alive. He would be out yonder in the dark somewhere, alone, and his horse, wakening at the slightest sound. Perhaps he would be the one she needed to fear the most, when the pursuit started. These thoughts flashed swiftly through her mind, almost unconsciously, as she stole forward silently through the shadows. She passed a figure lying in the trail, too drunk even to reach the bunkhouse, but as she crept past the open door she saw no signs of any occupants within. Except for the few line-riders, and that outlaw hiding in some thicket of chaparral, the whole personnel of the ranch were stupefied with liquor, indifferent to any occurrence going on about them.

A bit reckless now, because of this knowledge, the girl ventured through the great open door of the stable, and began groping her way forward searching the stalls. The first was empty, and, as she started to advance

toward the second, she came to a sudden pause, with heart leaping into her throat—there had been a sound at her left, a rustling of straw, as though something had made a quick movement. She listened intently, drawing a breath of relief at the succeeding silence. No doubt it was a horse stirring, or possibly a rat. Then a voice spoke sternly not three feet away.

"Put up your hands! Who are you? What are you doing in here?"

She obeyed instinctively, too frightened to even speak, dropping the bag to the floor, forgetting completely the revolver buckled about her waist.

A hand reached forward out of the darkness and gripped her upraised arm; she was conscious of the close presence of a man, yet for the instant retained no power of movement.

"Why don't you speak?" said the same voice, impatiently, evidently angered at her silence. "What are you sneaking about in here for? Well, I'll be d—d!" his tone changing. "If I don't believe it's a woman."

"It is a woman," she managed to reply falteringly. "But—but does that make any difference?"

He laughed, a certain relief evidenced in the sound, although he did not in any way relax his vigilance.

"Well, I confess it might," he admitted, "for you are a most unusual discovery in this section. I was looking for almost anything else, you belong with this outfit?"

"To the Meager ranch, you mean? Yes—that is, I have been employed here. You—you are not a Mexican, are you?"

"I should say not. I belong north of the line, if that's any relief to you. And what's more, if you want to be square with me, I'll play fair on my side. You believe that?"

"I shall have to; it wouldn't do me any good to lie."

"I reckon not; so let's get it over with; who are you?"

"Deborah Meredith," she explained, rather eagerly. "I—I am a professional nurse; my home is in Chicago. Tom Meager employed me to come out here and take care of his wife. Are you a friend of Bob Meager's?"

The man chuckled, and she knew he had put away the weapon he had held in his hand.

"Well, he's got an idea that I am. We've run about together a bit, I admit; which confession maybe is no recommendation to you."

"No, it is not."

"I thought likely it wouldn't be. So you and Bob are not good friends?"

"I despise and hate him; he is a drunken brute."

"Granted freely; but if you feel that way, why did you remain here on the ranch?"

"Because I have had no chance to get away since his father died. I could not desert my patient, and besides, had no reason to suppose Bob would come back and take possession. He was a fugitive from justice; his father had lost all faith in him, and I had reason to believe he had been shut out from all right to this property."

"You had reason to believe? What reason? I am not asking merely from curiosity; I want to understand the entire situation. I already have an idea what this means; you are endeavoring to escape alone?"

"It seemed my only chance," she confessed. "But I am talking with a stranger; perhaps I trust you too much. You are not employed here?"

"No; I just blew in last night."

"What is your name?"

"Daniel Kelleen."

"You are not a cow-puncher surely?"

Yes—you have education."

He laughed good-humoredly.

"Nevertheless, I am quite accustomed to cow-punching. Perhaps I've had a little more schooling than some of the boys. Now let me have the straight of this affair, and then we'll get busy. Tell it to me from the first."

Deborah stared at the man's dim outline through the darkness. If she could only see the expression of his face. And there was no choice left her—she must trust him blindly, absolutely; he could defend or betray her at his own will. So clear was this situation she scarcely hesitated.

"Yes, I will tell you, Daniel Kelleen," she said gravely. "I must trust someone, and you seem to be the one sent. All I know of you is that you are an American. I am an American also, and a woman. If that does not appeal to you, then nothing else will. I have told you already who I am and how I came here. The remainder of the story is brief. I have had nothing to do with Bob Meager since he returned, immediately after his father's sudden death. There was no opportunity for me to leave the ranch, so I remained in care of Mrs. Meager. Until last evening I never even encountered Bob once. Then he came unexpectedly into his step-mother's room. He was brutal and insulting to us both. After that I kept out of his way, and he apparently ignored my presence entirely. I did not notice, however, that he was getting rid of all the old employees on the ranch, and replacing them with Mexicans. Evidently he wanted no Americans about him."

"I understand; not his kind."

"So I thought, but with no conception that this change had any reference to me."

"It did have, then?"

"So it seems now. He came upon me suddenly alone last evening. There was no chance for me to get away, and I had to listen to what he said. She dropped her face into her hands, but instantly lifted it again, and went on, her voice strengthening with indignation. Kelleen made no movement.

"He—he was not even decent about what he had to say. I was merely a chattel he had to deal with, a slave to use as he pleased. It doesn't sound true, but it is true, every word."

"Go on," said the other dispassionately. "I know Bob Meager."

"He said he was going to marry me; he didn't ask me about it at all; just stated it as a fact. When I tried to object, the brute just laughed, and asked how I was going to help myself. He made me realize the situation I

was in, without an American left on the ranch, and those miles of desert stretching away on every side. Then he told me everything was arranged for this very night. A—a man was coming out from Nogales to marry us. He said I better go into the house, and get ready. Then he laughed again, and went away. He—he wasn't afraid to leave me there alone, for there was no place where I could hide, no chance to leave the ranch. I—I was hardly sane, but—but after awhile I went back to the house; what else was there I could do?"

"Nothing, I reckon, unless you killed the cuss. What did you do?"

"I—I made up my mind to do even that," she confessed. "I stole a revolver from the bunkhouse while the men were at mess, and then locked myself in my own room to wait. Along about nine o'clock the outfit rode in from Nogales. There was nothing for me to do, but wait desperately. I meant to stay there, and defend myself, behind that locked door. But that devil tricked me. He got Mrs. Meager to call to me from the hall, saying she had one of her bad turns, and I opened the door to help her. I—I hardly know what happened after that. I tried to explain to the man who came to marry us, but he wouldn't listen. He was just a creature. Bob Meager had picked up to serve him."

"Sure! I know him—Garrity; he'd murder his mother for a drink of booze."

"But is he really a judge?"

"He's a justice of the peace down at Nogales."

"Then I was really married? It—it was legal?"

"Darn if I know about that. I think likely the whole outfit would swear you consented. Who were in the gang?"

"Juan Sanchez, a ranch foreman, and a black-faced fellow who came out from Nogales."

"Arvan; they'd swear anything Bob

"I've—I've killed him!"

told them to. They'd make it out you were married all right."

"But—I'm not; not now!"

"Not now? What do you mean?"

"I've—I've killed him!"

CHAPTER VI

A New Alliance.

For a moment Kelleen did not move; then impulsively he groped for his hand in the darkness.

"You killed him? You did? Say, I like you," he exclaimed earnestly. "You are sure some girl, you are? But are you certain you killed him?"

"I—I think so—yes," she stammered, totally surprised by the way in which he greeted her news. "But—I am not exactly sure. All I know is he is lying there on the floor of my room, and—and he never moved after he was struck."

"Struck? You did not shoot, then?"

"No; I had no chance. I got away from them, and ran to my room, where I meant to lock myself in, but someone had taken the key. I shut the door behind me and got the revolver out of a drawer, determined to defend myself. The men followed, but stopped outside in the hall. I could hear them laugh and talk; then they went back to the front room again. Bob was so sure I couldn't get away, he wasn't afraid to leave me there. He planned to get drunk first, and then come back."

"Sure; that would be his style; and you waited? You didn't try to get away?"

"Get away! Where could I go? Only out into the desert, and those men would have trailed me if I tried that. Yes, I waited in the dark, desperate, determined to kill him when he came. And he came finally, so drunk he could hardly stand, but ugly with the liquor. I do not seem to remember exactly what did happen; he laughed and jeered at me, and got hold of the weapon before I had courage to fire. Then we struggled, and the grip of his hands drove me mad. The revolver fell to the floor, but I got it, and struck at him with all my might. That was all; he just lay there, and never moved. I could see his face in the starlight, but—but I couldn't make myself touch him. I—I believed he was dead, that I had killed him."

"Never mind, little girl," interrupted Kelleen firmly, "maybe he was, but I doubt it; guys like that are not cranked so easy. Then, I take it, you ran away."

"Yes;—I—I couldn't stay there, and I thought, perhaps there might be a chance, if I could only find a horse somewhere. I knew the others were all drunk, and I wouldn't be missed before morning. I had to try, and that was how I came to be here. You—you understand now?"

"Yes, I understand, and I am going

to stay with you. But first, let's get this straight. The main question is, are you ready to trust me as a white man?"

"Yes—I am."

"That means a lot more than you think right now," he went on, but evidently encouraged by her tone. "Because it ain't going to be so easy getting away. I don't take any stock in Bob's being dead; he's got a knock-out, that's all, and when he comes to himself again he's going to be raving. He'll have every rider on this ranch on our trail, and the best we can reckon on is maybe three hours' start. You got to stay with me, and do just what I say—and, girl, that sure means you must trust me plumb to the hilt. Do you sbe that? This ain't going to be no counter between here and Nogales; the only chance we've got is to hide out, first in the desert, and then in the hills. I'm telling it to you rough, but you better know it now than later."

"You mean we shall have to be alone together—for some time?"

"That's the stuff. We ain't going to have an easy gallop into town. You don't know me from Adam, and if you did, I reckon you wouldn't go a mile with me. I ain't very highly thought of along this border, I'll say that; there ain't many would choose me for a partner, that's a fact. More, I ain't got nothing to say to you except that I'm going to play square. If you trust me I'll bring you through safe enough in one way or another; but if you don't feel that you can go the limit, then the best thing for you to do, maybe, is to stay here, and scrap it out with Bob Meager. My notion is this: running away with his wife ain't going to be no snap even for me, and d—d if I'm going to tackle the job except you're of a mind to go clear through with me."

"You think I am his wife, then—that he is really alive?"

"I haven't a doubt of it. At least I am going to proceed on that theory. Meager is the one we have got to escape from; if he recovers by daylight from that rap you gave him, he is going to lead us a merry chase. Every minute of a start we get, the better. But I want you to get it straight—will you go with me?"

There was an eager eagerness in his voice of which she was fully conscious, yet somehow this did not frighten her. The one vision of Bob Meager, drunk and grasping her in his arms, dominated all else, and left her careless of any lesser danger. Impulsively she thrust out her hand in silent promise.

"You mean yes?"

"I mean yes. I trust you fully, absolutely. I will do exactly as you say."

"It is bound to be some test, young lady," he returned gravely, releasing her hand, and rising to his feet, "but I reckon I won't let you regret it. Nobody ever trusted Dan Kelleen yet and found him a piker. We're partners now; let's go."

He picked up a saddle from the bed of hay on which he had been resting; found another hanging on a stake driven into a beam, and with both flung carelessly over his shoulder, emerged through the open door into the starlight. Deborah followed closely, a new feeling of relief giving lightness to her step. She was no longer alone, unguided; something about the words and actions of the man brought confidence. The situation was plainly no novelty to him; he had been a fugitive before and had learned every trick in the hard school of experience. Whatever had happened to Bob Meager, it was clearly evident the fellow had not yet recovered consciousness, and it was hardly likely his fellows would become aroused until he sounded the alarm. The way of the caps still remained open, but no one could tell for how long. Kelleen might hang upon moments. Kelleen's keen eyes searched the deep shadows anxiously, but his lips smiled in satisfaction.

"It's all right," he whispered confidently. "You ride, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Good! It struck me maybe you didn't, being a nurse from the East. My horse is all right; but I'll have to rope one for you, and I might pick a wild devil in the dark. Could you stay?"

"As long as he keeps his feet."

"D—n, but I like your style!" he said enthusiastically, letting his hand

rest an instant on her shoulder. "You and I are going to hit it off fine. Come on, now; keep back in the shadow."

She waited at the bars of the corral while Kelleen went into the darkness of the open, lightly swinging a colic bridle in his hand. Both horses were from there hidden from view, and, now that her newly found con-

Continued on Page 8

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"As long as he keeps his feet."

"D—n, but I like your style

GIFT OF THE DESERT

Continued from Page 2

panion had disappeared, Deborah felt entirely alone. Had she done right to reposit trust in him? Who was the man? Why was he at the ranch if he had no connection with Bob Meager? What would his presence there imply? The ranch was on no commonly used trail; visitors never came without a purpose. To reach there at all required miles of desert travel, with no little hardship. There must always be an object in such a journey. What could it be in this case? Was the fellow a mere drifter, seeking a job? A fugitive from justice, hiding from the law? Or actually in Meager's service? Surely he must be one of the three; nothing else would account for his presence under such circumstances.

Yet she liked, and trusted him; felt no fear of the man. So far as his relations with her were concerned not a doubt of his absolute earnestness assailed her. She believed his promise. Outlaw, fugitive, border desperado, he had won her faith already. The reaction she experienced from being helplessly alone caused her now to feel all hope on this stranger who had so mysteriously come to her rescue; she cared not who he might be, or from whence he came. Enough that he was there, strong-armed, capable, fearless, willing to befriend her, to guide her safely. It was in this spirit of almost blinding confidence that the girl welcomed his return when he finally emerged from out the black shadows, leading two horses trailing quietly behind, through the corral gate.

He saddled and bridled the two rapidly, evidently accustomed to working in the dark.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Put your foot in my hand. This is my horse; he'll carry you fine. Now, up you go. This your water bottle? I'll strap it to the pommel where it will be handy."

He swung into the saddle himself, restraining the half-broken animal with an iron hand.

"You know the way down the mesa?" he asked, "the Nogales trail?"

"Of course."

"Then ride ahead, and I'll follow. I may have trouble with this brute before he learns who is master. Just go straight on out into the desert. I'll not be far away."

She rode forward, never questioning his right to command. The horse under her moved steadily at a swift walk, alert but well trained, obedient to the slightest pressure of her fingers on the rein. Her courage was high; she was no longer alone; the dread of the desert had left her.

Deborah found passage down the steep hillside and had advanced some distance across the level, before Kelleen joined her. No words were exchanged between them as he reined in his horse beside her own. Evidently the man was satisfied with her knowledge of the trail as well as the progress made. He turned in the saddle, gazing searchingly back at the dim outline of the mesa, now barely visible through the gloom. She glanced aside uneasily.

"There is something wrong?" she asked, troubled by his silence.

"No, nothing stirring. I circled the bunkhouse before leaving; the whole outfit is still asleep. I was just getting directions fixed in my mind. We are going a route I haven't traveled lately."

"But the Nogales trail is not difficult to follow."

"That is exactly what is wrong with it," he explained, his face now turned forward. "It is so easily followed, we could never get far enough ahead of pursuit to be safe. They will jump to the conclusion that you have gone this way, of course. I am hoping they will believe you have gone alone."

"Do they know you were at the ranch?"

"Yes, unfortunately; but my disappearance during the night will not necessarily make them conclude we have disappeared together." He laughed. "I haven't a reputation for remaining very long in any one place, so my going will create no particular suspicion. Then I've covered things the best I could. They'll be sure you've gone this way—because it's the only trail you know anything about—but they won't have the ghost of an idea what has become of me. That is exactly what I'm aiming to do—get the bunch riding this trail, thinking you're going it blind, and that all they've got to do in order to catch you is to ride hard enough. Then they won't stop to read 'Signs'—see?"

"But—but I do not," she ventured doubtfully. "It seems to me we are doing exactly what they expect us to do."

"Sure; I'm counting on two hours and a half, or maybe three hours, of darkness yet. An hour will bring us to Silver Springs. Silver Springs is where we take a side trip, the sort not many know about. Two hours' ride from there the whole United States couldn't find where you was hid away."

"How did you know?" she questioned, suspiciously.

"Oh, it's part of my trade to learn the country I'm working in."

"Your trade?"

"Sure; you never supposed I was here for my health, did you? I've got a trade, all right, and perhaps I'll tell you about it some time. It's enough now for me to say that it has taught me as much about this desert as any Indian ever knew. I've rode it alone, east, west, north, and south, and one of the strange places I stumbled into—by good luck, not more than two days ago—was this Devil's gulch I'm head-

ing for now. It we get there by daylight we'll have this game blocked."

"You believe no one else knows the place?"

"Sure, someone does, but not this outfit. I doubt if old Tom Meager ever knew of it, but I have some reason to believe Bob may. It has been a thieves' den in its day, no doubt, if the story was known."

"A thieves' den?"

"Likely—yes. You do not know this country very well, Miss Deborah, but it has been the headquarters for cattle rustlers and smugglers for years, centuries, for all I know. In some respects it is as bad today as it ever was. Mexico is just over yonder," and he made an expressive gesture with one hand, "and this desert stretches along both sides the line; on every side mountains and wild country. The Meager ranch is the only oasis in a hundred miles. I don't know how the place was ever found, but I'll bet it was held by the rifle."

"It was," she said, eagerly. "Old Tom told me the story. He came in here, a young man, prospecting, and discovered these hundreds of acres, with water, grass, everything, even a considerable bunch of wild cattle. There was no one in the country, then, and the cattle were not even worth stealing. He lived here alone for years, found gold somewhere, and got enough to develop this property. The Indians never troubled him much, but rustlers did. Both Yank and Mexican. They had a regular trail through those hills to the east. It is used yet occasionally; I rode out there with Tom Meager once, and it is like a road."

"Yes, I've seen it," Kelleen interrupted, "running through Gorieta canyon. There's another trail also down Box Creek."

"Thousands upon thousands of stolen cattle were driven along these north and south, and oftentimes they tried to pick up some of the Meager stock in passing. For years they were fighting almost all the time. Then soldiers came and patrolled the border, and broke the trade up very largely."

"You have a pretty clear idea of the situation, young lady!" the man said, quietly. "Tom Meager ran this ranch straight and fought for his rights like a man. Everybody along the border knew that, and respected the old man. But this cub of his is another proposition. The whole border brood contains nothing worse than Bob Meager. He is low-down mean, and has been a thief, and an associate of thieves, all his life. It doesn't make any difference how I know all this—I do know it." There was a bitterness to Kelleen's voice which startled the girl.

"You hate him?"

"Oh, no; I cannot afford to do that, but you have got me started, and I might as well finish up. I reckon you know the fellow fairly well yourself. I get him from another angle. It is not clear in my mind yet exactly how he got possession of this property. Of course, I know he is old Tom's son, and the natural heir, but I met the father once or twice, and cannot believe he ever put the ranch unreservedly into Bob's hands, giving his widow nothing. I'd like to see that will, for I'll bet all I'm worth it's phony. Garritty drew it, as I understand, and still holds it. The instrument is duly recorded, but the original remains safely in possession of the judge."

"Is that regular?"

"Perhaps so; not being a lawyer, I can only guess at the regularity. Of course it will have to be produced in court for final settlement of the estate; but I don't think they anticipate any serious questioning as to the validity of the document."

"Could it be contested?"

"The widow could claim her dower rights."

"But Mrs. Meager would not dare. She is an invalid, and in deadly fear of her stepson."

"And you have heard of no other will?"

"Not a word. Mr. Meager's death was very sudden, an accident."

"He was found dead on the trail," I heard?"

"Yes, his horse came home without him. There was an inquest, the evidence going to show that his horse stumbled and threw him. The skull was crushed in, a jagged wound which might have been made by a sharp rock. I suspected nothing else at the time."

"Naturally not, and since then?"

"Nothing I can put in words," she confessed hesitatingly, "without a more careful examination."

"You testified at the inquest?"

"No; I was not called. A doctor was brought out from Nogales."

"Then probably you never saw the man who conducted that inquest."

"No. I remained with Mrs. Meager in her room. She was very much broken down. Why was he?"

"Judge Cornelius Garritty, who thus manages to become the central figure in the whole tragedy. This interested me from the first, and more than ever now that I have met you. You see, I know Garritty, and there is not a wicked-er old devil in Arizona. He never did a straight thing in his life. My notion is this, that Garritty fixed this whole matter up for a purpose. Maybe circumstances helped it along, and maybe they didn't. I ain't so sure myself that old Tom Meager died a natural death. Anyhow, everything was ready—the only known will locked in Garritty's safe, and Bob close enough at hand to take possession almost before his father's body was cold. By the time the funeral was over he had discharged half the old men on the ranch and brought in Mexicans to take their places. Since then all the old hands have gone—what does that mean?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Well, I can guess, from my acquaintance with Bob and Garritty, and their associates. These fellows imported are no Mexican cowboys. That Juan Sanchez has a price on his head; the Indian, Pedro, is known as a cattle thief, and I doubt if there is a praiser in the bunch who hasn't a record somewhere below the line. I tell you, those

virus have something up their sleeves besides cattle-raising; that's only a bluff. It is either gun-running, or whisky, or both. I heard what was in the gales."

"That was what brought you up here?"

"Well, no; only incidentally. But, good Lord, I never talked so much in my life before. What is that ahead? A pile of stones? Then we are at Silver Springs, and business is about to begin."

CHAPTER VII.

Covering the Trail

Deborah could perceive nothing, except the dimly visible heap of stones which Kelleen pointed out. All around stretched the black void of the desert, silent and full of mystery. The girl had remained almost unconscious of this intense barrenness as they had talked together, but now suddenly



"What is That Ahead?"

awakened to a sense of the desolate surroundings. She was alone with this man, feeling for her life into unknown danger. However this realization shocked her, their arrival at the spot sought for only served to arouse her male companion to more energetic action. As the horses came to a stop, he turned in the saddle, peering back through the veil of darkness toward the Meager ranch.

"Everything seems all right so far," he commented quietly. "They are still drunk and asleep back there, I reckon. Now we've got to throw them off the trail."

He grasped her bridle rein, the two horses moving forward at a walk, circling to the left of the stone marker. A hundred feet beyond, the faint sound of horses' hoofs gave evidence that they passed along a narrow ridge of rock. Suddenly Kelleen came to a pause, leaning forward in the saddle to see more clearly.

"You have no memory of how things are here?" he asked.

"No; only that the springs are over to the left yonder."

"Then listen; there is an outer opening of rock which awakens here to the right, and runs almost directly east for two hundred yards. Follow that carefully; go just as far as possible, and then wait there for me. There is no danger, so you keep close to the rocks. Keep to the center so the horse will leave no imprint."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Ride straight ahead down the trail; then circle back through a gully, and meet you out yonder. Don't be afraid; just wait. I'll come, although it may require half an hour or more for me to make the trip safely; I've got to cover every trace after I once strike out into the desert."

She watched him ride away vanishing quickly into the gloom; his horse's hoofs making no sound in the soft sand. Instantly she began urging her own mount along the narrow rock ridge, watchful that he did not stray from the narrow path of rock. Where this very plainly ended she drew the animal to a halt and sat upright in the saddle, staring wonderingly about into the silent desolation. Her mind traveled back over all that had happened that night. She had no time before for thought; she had been continuously forced onward by circumstances beyond control, driven blindly. But now everything which had occurred so swiftly during those past few hours swept over her in memory like a flood.

What was the end now before her? It all seemed more a horrible dream than any reality of life. It was beyond belief, beyond experience; that such things were even possible seemed utterly beyond reason.

Yet memory would not die or be deceived. It was true—all of it was true. The death of old Tom Meager; the return of the renegade son; his brutal assumption of control; the glow of lust in his eyes at their first meeting; and then—the happenings of this last night. And now—now she was there waiting, amid all this desolation, for the return of a strange man, whose face she never had seen. The whole situation seemed impossible, yet she could not doubt its actual reality. She was not dreaming; she was wide awake.

Yet as she reviewed all the events leading up to this situation the girl could not perceive where she might have done otherwise. The impossibility of leaving the ranch unaided; the openly avowed purpose of Bob Meager; the forced marriage; the drunken assault; the blind effort at escape, believing she had killed the man in self-defense; and the unexpected meeting with Kelleen—all these had been utterly beyond her control. Even after that scarcely a choice had been left her. The man had to be accepted as a

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friend, or else left behind as an enemy. He was in position to either serve or betray her, as he chose, and there was that about his personality which had won her faith. What it was she hardly knew, nor did she have the slightest conception still who the man actually was. His evident dislike of Meager and Garritty meant nothing, except perhaps as thus explaining his willingness to befriend her against them. She had seen him as only a dark, ill-defined shape in the night. She had gained no glimpse of his features, but she liked his voice, the genial yet respectful way in which he addressed her, the cool assurance with which he had taken complete control; whatever the fellow's past might have been, she felt confidence in him, believed firmly that he was really endeavoring honestly to serve her in this emergency.

It seemed a long while, so long, as to almost frighten her, before she became aware of his approach. Indeed, he was actually beside her on foot before she recognized his presence, approaching silently from the opposite direction from that anticipated. Her startled gaze had scarcely distinguished his dim outline, when he spoke, his hand already grasping her horse's rein.

"There; that is over with," he said genially. "Now I'll lead you for the next five hundred yards. After that we'll do some real riding."

Where their course led she could not clearly determine from the saddle, but they moved forward slowly. After some hundred yards had been traversed, the path led upward once again, the horse's hoofs now sinking into deep sand. Then a horse whinied just in front of them, and the next instant she could make out the darker shadow. Kelleen released his grip, with a little laugh of relief.

"Lonely, old fellow? Well, I won't leave you again. Now we've got a straightaway ride for it, Miss Meredith. I'll lead off, and you follow. You'll have to keep up pretty close to see me in the dark, and there will be no noise to guide you in this sand."

"But—if I should lose you?" she asked, staring about, half frightened by the thought.

"No danger; the horse you're on won't get lost. But if you miss me call out; there's no one to hear in this desert. Ready now?"

He swung into the saddle, and faced her waiting.

"Yes."

"Then we'll ride fast, and don't be afraid; it's level as a floor."

The girl rode low in the saddle, her head bent forward to protect her eyes from the shower of grit hurled against her by the ceaseless wind. She was conscious now of her extreme weariness; she could only cling grimly to her seat, aching in every muscle, blindly following his lead. She knew the horse under her was panting for breath, his sides wet with sweat, but Kelleen never once drew rein, or, to her knowledge, even glanced back to assure himself of her presence. There were moments when she felt she must actually cry out, her nerves falling, but she crushed the desire back, and rode on, dulled with fatigue.

Her eyes and thought centered on the figure of the man riding steadily in front. She could obtain no glimpse of his face, not even its contour, yet how straight he sat in the saddle, his shoulders thrown back, his left hand grasping the rein lightly. His seat was that of the trained, disciplined cavalry man, rather than the cowboy, and she could but mark how easily his body followed the slightest movement of the animal under him. Suddenly, but without glancing back he pointed into the grim, gray desert ahead.

"Do you see anything over yonder?" he asked. "Just ahead there—a hundred yards?"

She stared, where he pointed, both halting their horses, but could perceive nothing except the same drear expanse of sand.

"No; what is it?"

"One of nature's marvels; the place

I'm heading for. You can be within ten yards and never know it is there." He turned and faced her smilingly. "Made it straight through the night, too. Why, what's the matter?"

She was staring at him through the dim light, her lips parted, her eyes expressive of fear. For the moment she did not speak, and he asked again anxiously.

"What is it? Are you afraid of me?"

"I—I know now who you are," she managed to say. "You—you are the 'Frisco Kid'."

A moment his lips shut tight, a bit grimly; then he laughed.

"Sure; but how did you guess?"

"I saw you ride in last night with Judge Garritty. I had a good view of your face from my window, and heard Bob Meager call you by name."

"No doubt that's all true enough, but what of it? Ever heard of me before?"

She hesitated, but only for an instant. It was her nature to speak truth.

"Yes, I have," she answered steadily, looking straight at him, yet in some mysterious way not the least afraid. "I have been led to believe you a most desperate character, an outlaw, a criminal, with a price on your head. I have been told many of your exploits—and, and; but why compel me to repeat all this?"

"Because it is extremely interesting, for one thing; quite flattering for even a better reason. If we are going to continue being friends—and I insist that we are—we shall have to come to a mutual understanding. What am I in your estimation? A robber and thief, I suppose? Who told you all this rot—Bob Meager?"

"Oh, no; I heard all about you before he ever came back. That was months ago; there were soldiers through here searching for you, a major and twenty cavalrymen."

"What major?"

"His name was Reynolds."

Kelleen chuckled and leaned suddenly forward, placing his hand squarely on hers where it rested on the saddle pommel. Somehow she made no effort to withdraw her fingers from the contact, and their eyes met.

"Pop! Reynolds, hey!" he roared lightly. "Then I am sure his story

must have been a good one. So he told you I was a mighty bad man? Well, now you've met me, do you believe it?"

"I—I don't know," she confessed doubtfully. "I—I would rather not think that."

"Which is a hopeful sign. Well, please try not to think so for the next half-hour, at least. Then maybe I can tell you my side of the story. There is no time now, for we've sim-

ply got to get under cover. Do you see that blue ridge over yonder? You know what it is?"

"The Meager ranch, isn't it?"

"Yes, and in twenty minutes, as soon as the mist rises, they could pick us out from there with a good field glass. We'll have to find a safer place to talk in plain this. Here, I'll lead the horses; it's only a step to the rim; then we'll both have to make the descent afoot."

They moved forward slowly, into what appeared to be the terminable desert, the man, plowing his way through sand, the tired animals following with drooping heads.

Suddenly he stopped, gripping the reins tightly and pointing with his other hand. Deborah needed no guidance, for her eyes were already riveted on the yawning gash in the surface of the desert, staring down with a startled feeling of awe into the apparently bottomless chasm not five yards away. A moment she gazed, hardly comprehending, too thoroughly dazed by this phenomenon of nature to completely grasp its significance. Then she felt Kelleen lift her bodily from the saddle and lead her forward to the very edge. Below lay exposed in the cold gray of the dawn the full marvel—a deep gorge, as though scooped out by a giant spoon, cut directly across the barren sand plain, with no evidence anywhere above of its existence. To the eye it seemed some three hundred feet wide, but much deeper, the sides, walls rocky and irregular, the crevices and ravines choked with sand, while far below appeared the soft green vegetation, and along the base of the opposite wall, much more precipitous than the side on which they stood, the silvery sparkle of a small stream. Deborah drew a quick breath, glancing aside into the face of the man at her side.

"You have been down there?"

"Yes; the descent is not particularly difficult along these ravines; the sand gives purchase, even the horses will pick their way."

He smiled at the consternation in her face.

"What is it?" he questioned, "fear of the passage, or of the 'Frisco Kid'?"

"She looked straight at him beneath leveled brows, conscious of the sudden flush of her cheeks.

"Neither; I am not afraid."

"I did not believe you would be, for you are not that sort at all. The truth is, young lady, you really haven't so much on me in this matter of recognition. I happen to know quite a bit about you."

"About me? You? What, may I ask?"

"Just a bit, as I say, a mere picture not easily forgotten. I saw you once, before ever you came to Meager's ranch, and I have remembered it ever since. Do you remember a morning in August, 1918, when the Thirty-third division went over the top, waded a river, and cleaned out the heights beyond? It was a sharp fight, and lots of the boys never came back. You remember, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was there, and I got mine about eight o'clock. Mine must have been plenty, for they hauled me back to the first-line hospital and had some sort of surgical job done before I woke up. The man next to me died, and the nurse who was with him—she was heavily built with very light hair—"

"Jessie Seavers."

"I don't know, but she gave me a drink of water, and then they put another wounded guy into the place where the dead body had been. He was just a kid, not more than seventeen, I reckon, and was crying like a baby, his nerves all shot to pieces. You were his nurse, and I lay there and watched how you fixed him up. It's not likely you've forgot that."

"Not No!" She bent her head, "He was from my town; he—he died that night."

"I didn't know, for they took me away, but I lay there and watched you for another hour before the stretchers came. I never saw you again. I would have liked to mighty well, and I didn't even know your name then—just a memory of your face."

He reached out his hand suddenly. "I wish you'd shake hands with me," he said, almost hesitating at his boldness, "and sort of pretend to forget that 'Frisco Kid' business."

"I have forgotten it," she answered steadily, their eyes and hands meeting. "You were a soldier in my division; I believe in you, and am your friend."

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established 1783
The Mercury.
Newport, R. I.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
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Saturday, June 30, 1923

An American with a \$5,000 life insurance policy issued in Germany, realized twenty cents on it when the policy matured recently.

It would seem that the Almighty had designs on the whiskey makers. He sent his lightning to destroy a distillery in Canada, a few days ago, where there were 6000 gallons stored, and much other liquor of various kinds. The loss was placed at \$1,000,000.

The total world's supply of gold today is said to be close on to nine billions, of which something more than a third is in the United States. Since the discovery of gold in California the total production of gold has amounted to some nineteen billions. The difference represents the gold absorbed for use in the arts and sciences. The jewelry business is said to be the greatest consumer of the precious metal. It is claimed that four millions of gold goes into teeth every year. America has long been the greatest producer of gold.

Governor Smith of New York expressed his opinion of Perpetual Candidate Bryan the other day by characterizing him as a man who talks much and says nothing. Bryan got back on him at Cape May last week by saying that Governor Smith, when he signed the prohibition repeal bill, "made one of the greatest blunders in the history of the Democratic party." Bryan declares that the Democratic party will come out with a dry platform in 1924. He did not go so far as to announce himself a candidate, but thinks that McAdoo would make a good candidate, probably after himself.

Mark Twain once said "There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration." We believe him. Since the month of June came in the variety has extended from near zero to equally near the 100 degree mark. One day it would be cold enough to make the oil stove or the grate fire seem both a luxury and a necessity, and the very next day people were dying by scores in the large cities from heat. In many parts of New England the thermometer has reached 100 degrees more than once during the past weeks. As Mark Twain says, "The weather is always doing something here, and always attending strictly to business."

New England factories are rapidly going South. Recent purchases of Southern cotton mills by New England interests, and the transfer of complete mill equipment from the North to the South, have emphasized the movement which has been under way for a long time. This Southern movement is accounted for on the ground that wages are much lower in the South and the hours of labor longer. As yet, the South has none of those harassing labor laws that so seriously interfere with the manufacturing industry in the North. It is evident that New England, on account of this legislative interference, is fast losing her prestige as the manufacturing center of the country.

The Presidential poll that is now being conducted by Collier's Weekly puts the great flivver maker far in the lead; but probably the paper largely circulates among the class that patronize the Ford machine. The latest poll gives Ford 64,948 votes to 39,236 for Harding. McAdoo gets 15,667 and is the leading Democratic candidate, while Gov. Smith of New York follows with 10,823 votes. But after all, a poll of this kind amounts to nothing as an indicator as to which way the political wind blows. Harding will without doubt be the unanimous Republican nominee, and all present indications point to his successful reelection. As to the Democratic nominee, there is at the present writing much uncertainty.

President Harding's addresses, as he travels across the country to far-off Alaska, have the right ring in them, and are everywhere received with favor. He declares that the laws of the land must and shall be enforced. He is equally emphatic that the prohibition law will not be repealed. The issue, he declares, is not between the "wets" and the "drys," but rather whether the laws of this country can be and will be enforced. He declares in positive terms that so far as the general government is concerned the Volstead act and all other laws will be enforced to the letter. The President's addresses are making him friends wherever he goes. His continental tour makes his re-election a year hence a sure thing, and he is constantly gaining strength with the people as a wise and safe leader, which would indicate that his election is equally sure.

GERMANY IS STILL ABLE TO BUY GOODS

Germany is buying from this country many millions of goods. How does she pay for them? In German marks, which are not worth the paper they are printed on? We guess not. The Yankee is too shrewd for that. It is pretty evident that Germany has real money stowed away somewhere. In the month of April our exports to Germany amounted to \$26,289,000, while Germany sent us only \$3,641,000 of her goods. She had to make up the difference with real money. During the ten months just passed we have sent Germany goods totalling \$251,181,000, and we have received in offset goods to the value of only \$108,031,000. There was a balance against Germany of over one hundred and thirty-two million dollars, which that nation has had to make good, and evidently she has done it. This shows that Germany is not bankrupt and that she can pay her debts if she is a mind to. Statistics show that our exports to Germany have been constantly on the increase since the close of the World War.

Another coal strike would seem to be imminent, unless an increased wage scale is agreed upon at once. The present scale expires August 31, and the convention of the United Mine Workers, which is now in session, will soon issue a demand for more pay, which means a higher price for coal and another burden on the consumer. According to figures already available, the mine workers receive now all the way from \$1500 to \$4000 a year for 270 days work, the average wage being from \$1700 to \$1800. At best there is but little relief in sight for the consumer. Our advice is, lay in all the coal you can and as speedily as possible, for another rise is pretty sure to come.

The question is again being agitated of the merger of the two cities of Pawtucket and Central Falls into one city. This would make a city of nearly one hundred thousand people. This union, when it has been discussed in former years, has been opposed by many of the people of Central Falls on the ground that Pawtucket had much the larger debt and a union of the two cities would increase the burden of Central Falls. Notwithstanding this debt discrepancy, there is no question but what the union of the two cities would be a benefit to both.

Arthur Brisbane, one of Hearst's highest paid newspaper writers, says in a late number of the Boston American, "President Harding, who will run for the Presidency, and, according to the present, and unimportant opinion of this writer, will be re-elected, is on his way, telling the people what he has done, 'report directly to the people on the state of the Union.'"

Evidently Hearst's man does not think Hearst's backing of Ford can pull him into Harding's seat. There are many others who think the same thing.

The Rhode Island Hospital gets something over half a million dollars through the will of the widow of Col. Isaac M. Potter of Providence. Col. Potter was well known to the people of this vicinity, having been very active in politics for many years. He was one of the delegates from Rhode Island to the Republican National Convention of 1880, that nominated President Garfield.

Reports from all of the great centres of the country show that the price of food is still in the up grade. From April 15 to May 15 the increase in all the larger cities was around four per cent, and there are no indications that the top notch has yet been reached. The average increase in the entire country for the year ending May 15 is reported to be three per cent.

The city of Atlanta has entered the fight for the next Democratic National Convention. She will hardly win. Georgia is too certain a Democratic state to expect the party at large to hold out any inducements for a thing it is sure of. The great convention will go to some doubtful state.

Religion's Duty.
The two sentiments which most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope. Religion should give freer and more rational play to these two sentiments, than the world has hitherto witnessed; and the love and hope will be thoroughly grounded in and on efficient, serviceable, visible, actual and concrete deeds of conduct.—Charles W. Elliot.

Mending With Rivets.
Many things that cannot be soldered, can be mended with common copper rivets. These may be bought at any hardware store in assorted sizes for a small sum. A galvanized wash tub can be mended easily with a copper rivet, unless the leak is of the seam. It is possible that even then a rivet might hold the leak.

Select Right Kind of Star.
It's all right to "kitch one's wagon to a star" so long as it is not a "fall star." The trouble nowadays is that too little time is spent in studying stars. Illustrations abound that make waste, and waste causes suffering.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Newport County Pomona Grange
Newport County Pomona Grange was entertained at its June meeting by Aquidneck Grange at the Middletown town hall. Worthy Master Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe presided.

Reports of the granges and the treasurer's report were received. The address of welcome was given by Worthy Master Lewis B. Plummer and was responded to by Mrs. Walter Whalen of Nanaquaket Grange.

Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham gave a report as chairman of the committee on Education.

The lecturer then took charge and an original paper, "The History of the Rhode Island State Grange," was given by Mrs. Clara L. Chase, secretary of the Rhode Island State Grange. This was followed by a Grange story, "Fifteen Minutes with the Worthy Gate Keeper," and a roll call.

The evening session was opened by a Scout ceremonial by the Bluebird Troop of Girl Scouts in charge of Mrs. Clara L. Chase.

In accordance with the State Grange ruling that a memorial service be conducted the first meeting in June at any local grange, this service was conducted by the Chaplain, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham. Appropriate songs and poems were given, and as each deceased member's name was read, a verse was read and a white rose was laid on the Bible.

A musical program in charge of Mrs. Fred P. Webber was greatly enjoyed. Vocal and instrumental music and readings were given in a pleasing manner.

The pupils and the teachers of the Oliphant School recently held a picnic at Lawton's Valley. The Berkeley School picnic was held at Third Beach.

The Middletown Red Cross Public Health committee has received as a gift from the treasurer, Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren, a new automobile. It is a coupe for the use of the visiting nurse, and is marked upon the door panel in red letters "Middletown Public Health Nursing Service."

The June meeting of the public school committee was held at the town hall with the full board present.

Mr. Joel Peckham, who has served as superintendent for 32 years, was re-elected.

The reports of school physician Dr. MacLeod, and of the public nurse, Mrs. Violet Hodgson, were read as was the report from the Middletown pupils at Rogers High School.

Miss Edith M. Peckham of Boston, assistant director of the New England division of Junior Red Cross work, gave a talk upon her work, which may be taken up here in the fall.

The school calendar was arranged. The resignation of Miss Margaret K. Donovan of the Berkeley School was read.

Disconcerting.
A French mayor who at one time held the office of magistrate was about to perform the civil rite of marriage. "Mlle. X," he said, "do you agree to take this man for your wedded husband?" After the woman had replied in the affirmative the mayor, turning to the bridegroom, delivered himself as follows: "Prisoner, what have you to say in your defense?"

When Fiction Is Romance.
Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child, and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.—R. L. Stevenson.

Weekly Calendar JUNE 1923

Ocean Waves and Swells.
The words are given as synonyms, but in practical use a distinction is made. Swell is the name given to ocean waves not produced by wind in the locality in which they are met. They are, however, set in motion by storms occurring at a distance.

Counterfeits of Real Gold.
Budapest papers report the arrest in Transylvania of a gang of counterfeiters who were making coins of old Hungarian design out of real gold which they had bought at low rates from workers employed in jewelry manufacturing plants.

Origin of Yard.
It is said that the yard was originally defined by royal decree as the length of the arm of King Henry I. The British yard is now the distance at 62 degrees F. between two lines on a bronze bar kept at the Standards office, Westminster, London.

Treaty Ports.
A treaty port is one open to commerce with certain nations in accordance with the terms of a treaty in a country not generally open to foreign trade. China is the one nation where treaty ports were of importance for many years.

Weekly Calendar JULY 1923

STANDARD TIME.

Set Sail.
Sun 4:10, Moon 7:25, High Water 8:45, Low Water 1:15, Sunrise 5:41, Sunset 8:03, Day 14:22, Night 9:22, Total 23:44.

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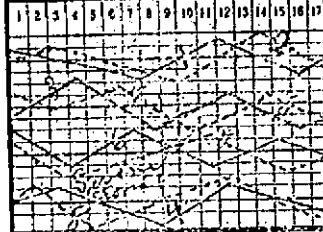
Set Sail.
Sun 4:10, Moon 7:25, High Water 8:45, Low Water 1:15, Sunrise 5:41, Sunset 8:03, Day 14:22, Night 9:22, Total 23:44.

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FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

(From our regular correspondent)

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR JULY 1923



Slight heavy, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of some days of the year for forty years. (Footnote) Lines above normal lines mean warmer; below, cooler; that marked 1 is the year for forty years. (Footnote) Lines above normal lines mean warmer; below, cooler; that marked 1 is the year for forty years.

Washington, June 30, 1923.—In the forecast for July and August, the weather features are intense. Three weather features are in control: The ten principal solar system bodies have located the evaporation in the northeastern Pacific Ocean and practically all the moisture for our continent must come from there. That means more rain than usual for July and August, as a general average. Of course, local land formations will make some sections dry. The second excessive rain feature, controlled by a few planets in strong positions, warns that unusually numerous and severe storms will prevail thru July and August, causing an increase of rain for the continent. Location of the rains is a third feature about which I am not so sure. For east of Rockies crest that moisture must come thru the gaps of the Rockies and how the moisture will be distributed has not been fully worked out. The Chinook, snow melting winds of winter and the hot winds of summer, belonging to east of Rockies great plains crop-weather, are the keys that will unlock important continental crop-weather secrets.

Section 1: North of 47, between 90 and Rockies crest; highest temperatures July 1 and 12, lowest 7; average minus; severe storms and most rain 4 to 8.

Section 2: North of 47, east of 90; highest temperatures, July 3 and 15; lowest 9; average minus; severe storms and most rain 6 to 10.

Section 3: Between 39 and 47 and between 90 and Rockies crest; highest temperatures July 4 and 12, lowest 6; average minus; severe storms and most rain July 4 to 8.

The Rocky Mountains, from their northern to their southern extremities, have a five months winter drought to pass thru, beginning about middle of next October. This will be a good test and I invite criticism. That is not much of an agricultural country and the above cannot seriously hurt many people. It may warn those who irrigate to fill their reservoirs now while water is plentiful and the southern herdsman of the mountains may find other pastures. That great mountain country is one of the most difficult sections of the world for which to make weather forecasts I am taking a very great risk in the above; it covers 150,000 square miles of land.

night from 10 o'clock to midnight. They will also furnish the dance music and concert selections at the Royal Hotel from 8 to 10 p. m. daily. The group comprises Artie Mackenzie, Bud Kayo, Sol Lewis and Swami Rajah, noted saxophone artist. Bill Loneragan, tenor soloist for the Hawaiian artists, will join with the orchestra the latter part of July after completing a tour of the Pacific coast with the Golden Gate Quartette. Until the arrival of Mr. Loneragan, Arthur V. Warfield, celebrated baritone, will be the soloist.

Formula for Molding Clay.
Shuple molding clay for the children's play is made from one cupful flour, one cupful salt, one teaspoonful powdered alum, mixed with enough water to make it mold easily. By wrapping it in a damp cloth after the children are tired the clay can be used again and again.

Swagger Avails Little.
Where swagger carries one to success it lands dozens in ridicule, and the latter buries them in oblivion. Family records have many promising hopes disappointingly filling lowly stations. Even for some of these she sometimes has to make apology.

A Prescription.
The following cure for matrimonial heartache is submitted: A lump of pride dissolved in a glass of common sense. Swallow immediately, and settle with a kiss. Add a dose of whole some compliments. Repeat as often as needed.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Remarkably Preserved.
In an Egyptian tomb a vase was found containing honey still liquid after 20 centuries. Cushions on the armchairs found in this tomb were still so soft and well preserved that one could toss them across the room without doing them damage.

Unique Fire Signals.
One of the biggest liners has been fitted with a system of pipes to all the compartments of the cargo holds, the idea being if anything catches fire and smolders, the smoke travels along the pipes, warning the officers on the bridge.

Be Yourself.
Contentment abides with youth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than you are; whether it be richer, or greater or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.—Sir Arthur Helps.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending June 23, 1923.

Prepared by D. E. Burdett of Markets and Crop Estimates

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: Supplies of vegetables have been heavy for the past week but cantaloupes, watermelons and peaches have been scarce. Light supplies in prices on several commodities while others have advanced slightly. The market for the most part has been quiet for the week. Heavy receipts of living beans have been followed by price declines of about 50c per bushel. Cabbage prices also advanced. The market for the most part has been quiet for the week. Heavy receipts of living beans have been followed by price declines of about 50c per bushel. Cabbage prices also advanced.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS: Dressed poultry market, barely steady with trade rather quiet on account of the hot weather. Receipts are moderate but sufficient to supply the demand. Fresh eggs are moving slowly with a fair call for fresh killed broilers. Frozen chickens moving very slowly. Eggs, small, 25c; large, 27c; broilers, 45c; live poultry steady with receipts and demand light. On fowl, broilers moving fairly well, small, 25c; large, 27c; broilers, 45c. Live poultry steady with receipts and demand light. On fowl, broilers moving fairly well, small, 25c; large, 27c; broilers, 45c.

Att. Gen. Herbert L. Carpenter put the ban on pool selling at the Woonsocket, R. I., races, in an order issued to the Sheriff's Department. High Sheriff Jonathan Andrews said, "All pool selling will be stopped and all gambling places closed."

Quite a sensation was caused in Danville, Vt., when it became known that the work of the \$115,000 federal road improvement project between Danville and St. Johnsbury had been discontinued by the contractors and is to be continued by the state highway construction department.

The heaviest loss this year by forest fires in Maine has been in eastern Aroostook county, north of Houlton and east of the Ashland branch of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. In that region 75 per cent of the total loss has occurred. The next heaviest loss has been in the vicinity north of Chesuncook lake.

Several drastic changes in the Maine liquor laws, made at the last session of the Legislature, will go into effect July 1. One of the most important amendments requires that grocers who transport liquor within the borders of Maine must have a license permit. This, according to Sheriff Graham, hits the man with a half-pint on his hip or a gallon of cider in his wagon just as much as the rum-runner with 100 cases. The penalty for infringement is a fine of \$300 to \$500 and a jail sentence of three to six months.

Rutland county, Vt., fish and game authorities are taking turns holding a nursing bottle, while a tiny buck greedily devours the contents of milk and sweetened water. George White of Leicester found the buck while fishing at Silver Lake. The buck made the trip from the lake in a bran sack, and on arrival was established in an emergency animal hospital where it attracted a large number of visitors. As it is much too small to let loose, the buck probably will be held in captivity.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter of Omaha, Neb., in accordance with family traditions, was rocked in the famous Fuller cradle in Kingston, Mass. The parents had traveled 1600 miles with the baby to carry out the custom, which provides that every baby who is descended from Dr. Samuel Fuller of the Mayflower shall be rocked in the old Fuller cradle. This baby is the first of the 11th generation from Dr. Fuller and was rocked by Truman Fuller of Kingston of the eighth generation.

A library of 900 volumes valued at \$750,000 and containing many rare books and editions, was presented to Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., by Alfred Clark Chapin of New York, a member of the class of 1869. Included in the collection are Cromwell's great Bible, the Eliot Indian Bible, a copy of the gospels written in the sixth century, the original of Dante's Inferno published in the 15th century, a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare published in 1623 and the first collected edition of Chaucer published in 1532.

Horace B. Emery of Island Pond, Vt., has been appointed by President Harding to be United States attorney for the district of Vermont.

Members of the Vermont division, G. A. R., and auxiliary societies met in St. Johnsbury, Vt., for the 55th annual encampment of the Grand Army.

FRANCE KEEPS AFTER GERMANY

We have to keep at it also to have the people know that we are head quarters for

Kitchen Furnishings
This is our largest department at this season.

Tinware, Enamelware, Woodware, Brushes, etc.

Crockery and Glassware
Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, Burners and Wicks at Right Prices.

JOHN ROSE & CO.,
Main Street, Block Island

MISS ETHEL THOMPSON

Pretty Girl Known
as "Miss Aroostook"

Miss Ethel Thompson of Houlton, Me., is now known as "Miss Aroostook," having won the contest to determine the most beautiful girl in Aroostook county, the Maine district so famous for its potatoes.

PRESIDENT DEMANDS
BONE DRY 1924 PLANK

Calls for Greater Enforcement and Attacks Move for Nullification—Rich Wets Blamed.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—President Harding dictated at Denver the prohibition enforcement plank in the next national platform of the Republican party, then came to Wyoming to outline here a policy of irreconcilable opposition to nationalization of coal mines regardless of how acute the problem might become.

The President's law enforcement stand drew the heaviest applause that has greeted any of his addresses. About 12,000 persons heard him in the Coliseum, where Bryan received a third nomination in 1903, while other thousands in the streets heard him through radiophones.

High lights in President Harding's speech in Denver on prohibition enforcement were:

"There is a small and mistaken minority who believe the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed."

"The country and the nation will not allow the law of the land to be made a byword."

"It is not an issue between wets and drys but an issue whether the laws of this country can and will be enforced."

"It is a curious illustration of loose thinking that some have proposed as a means of protecting State's rights that the States should abandon their part in enforcing the prohibition policy."

"When a State deliberately refuses to exercise the powers which the Constitution expressly confers on it, it obviously nullifies State authority."

"The new nullificationists will discover that they have perpetrated one of the historic blunders in political management."

"Neither of the great parties will see the time, in the lives of any who are now voting citizens, when it will declare openly for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Ethel Barrymore files suit for divorce from Russell G. Colt in local court.

CHICAGO.—Revenge was advanced as the theory by police seeking the slayer of May Lawrence, thirty-seven, known as the "Guardian of Lovers' Lane." She was found mysteriously shot to death in her home. She had many times rescued young girls from cars parked at the roadside, thus winning her title.

BERLIN.—Chancellor Cuno in speech offers no compromise on Ruhr resistance, declaring Berlin couldn't end it and wouldn't if it could.

BERLIN.—German Government to spend another 50,000,000 gold marks in effort to support currency.

LONDON.—No subject in recent days has occupied more of the attention of the British newspapers or given the public a better topic for animated discussion than the liquor seizures in New York.

OTTAWA.—Exportation of intoxicating liquor from Prince Edward Island, or holding it for export, except by brewers and distillers duly licensed by the Canadian Government, is prohibited as from August 31 by an order in council.

LONDON.—Americans in Europe may don spats, monocles and canes, but they refuse to surrender the national game. The London Post of the American Legion beat the Paris post of the Legion 9 to 3 in opening game.

NEW YORK.—Wearing with pride and grace her newly-acquired title of "Queen of the Seas," the Leviathan is back in her home port, ready to defend her record against any and all passenger ships, from whatever country; ready, even, to challenge any war to dispute her right to the laurels she has intertwined with Old Glory at her masthead.

Joseph Crabtree, 83, the oldest resident of Hancock, Me., has just completed planting and fixing his farm fences and is thinking of going fishing. Mr. Crabtree was a sailor in his younger days and well remembers when \$12 a month was considered good pay for first rate hands before the mast.

NEW FIGHT FOR
SOLDIER BONUS

Legion, Encouraged by the \$200,000,000 Balance, Declines to Apply to Congress.

DOUBT OF ANOTHER VETO

Backers Believe That Better Business Conditions May Cause Harding to Yield—Move is to Be Fully Under Way by December Session.

Washington.—Now that the announcement has been made by the Government that the national budget will show a surplus of at least \$200,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year Saturday, instead of a deficit of \$623,000,000, as forecast at the beginning of the fiscal year, representatives of the American Legion and other organizations advocating soldier bonus legislation are preparing to reopen the fight against the administration's anti-bonus policy before the next Congress.

This time the bonus advocates say that they are going to get what they are looking for, despite the opposition of President Harding and Secretary Mellon of the Treasury Department. If President Harding insists upon following his previous course of exercising the power of veto, unless provision is made by Congress to pay the costs by the adoption of a sales tax, every effort will be made to influence the Senate to pass bonus legislation over the President's veto. In the last Congress the House disregarded the Presidential veto, but the administration was able to rally sufficient support in the Senate to kill the bill.

It is generally admitted that Congress will not adopt a sales tax.

There is a good deal of speculation here as to the course which the President will pursue. He is again brought to the test. Some of his friends insist that he will veto a bonus bill once more unless the sales tax is provided for. Other observers are not so certain of this, and express the belief that in view of the approaching national election and the fact that the Government finances are in much better shape than they were a year ago the President may come to a compromise and give his approval if both Senate and House pass a bonus plan.

In any event, those who were hoping that the question of bonus legislation had been put aside for all time, are certain to be disappointed. It is understood here that the campaign of the bonus advocates will soon be in full swing in preparation for the assembling of Congress next December.

One of the advocates of bonus legislation, after discovering recently in the statements of General Lord, director of the budget, and President Harding that there would be a surplus of about \$200,000,000, expressed doubt that there ever had actually been danger of a deficit of \$623,000,000. The national finances certainly seemed to be in a much more healthy condition, he said, than had been painted at the beginning of the fiscal year, when the fight to get bonus legislation adopted was at its height.

HARDING PARTY TRAGEDY

Two Meet Death as Steering Gear Falls on Curbs.

Denver.—Summer Curtis of Washington, representative of the Republican National Committee, accompanying President Harding's party on its western trip, was killed instantly and three other men were injured seriously when the automobile in which they were making a mountain tour plunged off the road into Bear Creek Canyon, twenty-five miles from Denver.

Thomas French of Denver, a representative of the Great Western Sugar Company, who was driving the car, died on the way to the hospital.

The other injured are Donald Craig, manager of the Washington Bureau of The New York Herald, and Thomas Dawson, Colorado State Historian and veteran Washington newspaperman.

An operation was performed immediately to the county hospital in an effort to save Mr. Craig's life. His scalp is severely lacerated and it is feared he sustained a fractured skull and internal injuries.

RUHR NOT ONLY VICTIM

Denmark's Commerce Affected by French Occupation.

Copenhagen.—The French occupation of the Ruhr is materially affecting the welfare of Denmark, according to the Scandinavian Shipping Gazette. No iron, steel, coke, dyes or other goods have come from the Ruhr since the French went in.

Danish shipbuilding has been hard hit, work on twelve new ships in Copenhagen having been stopped quite recently.

DIES FROM GASH IN WRIST

Worcester Man Fatally Hurt by Auto Windshield.

Worcester, Mass.—While attempting to put down the top cover of his automobile to secure protection from a sudden shower, Bernard Silverman, 21 years old, accidentally struck his arm against the windshield with such force that it was broken. A deep gash was inflicted on his wrist and he bled so profusely that he died at the City Hospital four hours later from acute dilation of the heart.

Liberty bonds valued at \$2100 and stolen from the office of the Knickerbocker Mills, Lawrence, Mass., several weeks ago were returned through the mail. No writing accompanied the bonds, but the envelope bore an Albuquerque, N. M., postmark.

OTTO H. KAHN

Possessor of a Splendid
Collection of Paintings



New portrait of Otto H. Kahn, New York banker, who is also noted as a collector of paintings.

"L" TRAIN FALLS;
8 DIE, 73 HURT

Two Wooden Cars Leave Rails Near Atlantic Avenue Station, Brooklyn.

New York.—Eight persons were killed and seventy-three injured when two wooden cars plunged from a Brooklyn elevated structure into the borough's busiest traffic intersection.

The two-car train, well filled with an early afternoon crowd of women, children and a few men, jumped the rails, ripped through rotted guard beams, tottered on the edge of the structure while hundreds of passersby stood spellbound in terror, and pancaked on its side to the pavement, a mass of splintered debris.

The dead are: Mrs. Johanna Keneff, fifty, Brooklyn, employed as ticket agent for the line on which she was killed.

Mrs. Mary Ottobrine, twenty-six, Brooklyn, mother of four children.

Mrs. Marie Olinberger, thirty-two, Brooklyn, who was on her way to visit the grave of her mother.

Miss Harriett Sukter, seventeen, of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Mary Lavell, age and address unknown.

Miss Anna Lutke, sixteen, believed to have been a pedestrian struck by train.

Two bodies were unidentified. Carrying with it a mesh of electric trolley wires, the train hurtled to the pavement amid spurts of blue flames and crackling wire. As screams of the pained passengers, many of them transfixed by jagged sections of broken wood, rose above the crash, flames shot from underneath the cars and drove back pedestrians who ran to the scene.

Within a few minutes, a dozen pieces of fire apparatus and police patrols had broken their way through a cordon of several hundred bystanders. A score of ambulances arrived as the firemen fought to choke off the flames, their work interrupted intermittently by fear of injuring screaming women begging to be extricated.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Chairman Adams of Republicans notifies state committeemen to appoint women advisers to national committee.

Treasury Department decides that the Chinese game of Mah Jong is not dominoes and therefore cannot take rate of duty applicable to this American game.

United States may arrest captains unless bringing in of sealed liquor ceases. Dries agree to Hughes' twelve-mile line of search proposal. Chancellor Baldwin of Great Britain holds United States is within its rights.

President's split with Senator Watson reveals interesting phase of Capital politics.

Senator Pittman of Nevada opposes the Harding plan for railway mergers.

Democratic National Committee renews assault on Leviathan Junket, urging Congressional inquiry.

Republican leaders find little inspiration in President Harding's speech on farming.

United States expected to urge calling of an international conference to adopt the proposed new rules of warfare.

An international conference is favored by the United States government to draft a treaty limiting the use of aircraft and radio in war along the lines suggested by Hague jurists.

The resignation of S. Parker Gilbert, Jr., as Under Secretary of the Treasury was announced by Secretary Mellon prior to his departure for a two-months' vacation in Europe. Mr. Gilbert will leave the treasury post as soon after Mr. Mellon's return as conditions permit, probably in October, to return to the practice of law.

At the annual meeting of the trustees, the Bates College, Lewiston, Me., faculty was voted a 10 per cent increase in salaries. President Gray, who recommended the increase, announced that the deficit of the college for the ensuing year will be less than \$1000, the lowest in the history of the college.

HARDING URGES
RAIL MERGER

Executive Believes Fewer Systems Would Relieve Big Overhead on Little Roads.

MAKES PLEA FOR FARMER

In Favor of Forcing Roads to Operate in Groups—This Is One of Three Suggestions Made in Kansas City Speech.

Kansas City, Mo.—President Harding, here turned from a discussion of his efforts to get this country into the world court set up by the League of Nations to a consideration of domestic issues. The transportation question in which the whole country, and particularly the farmers of the middle west, is vitally interested was his theme in an address before a monster meeting at Convention Hall.

Everywhere here his reception was in marked contrast to the respectful apathy apparent on every side in St. Louis, where he explained his revised plan for American adherence to the international court.

During a fifteen mile ride of the Presidential party through the streets and parks of Kansas City the people turned out in full force. The cheering was almost continuous.

The response of the audience of 12,000 that filled Convention Hall when the President spoke on the railroad question was of an entirely different character from that in the Coliseum in St. Louis. Mr. Harding frequently paused in his St. Louis speech and waited for applause, which came only feebly or not at all.

The discussion of the railroad problem here was more academic, and there were fewer places where the audience had an opportunity to cheer at a striking point in the argument. But every word was listened to carefully, and the handclapping was frequently augmented by cheering.

Mr. Harding advocated consolidation of railroads into large groups. He warned of the danger of letting the transportation lines starve to death for want of adequate financial return, and he expressed the hope that a way would be found to induce both the railroad employees and executives to defer to the decisions of a labor tribunal which would have the confidence of both sides in wage controversies and of the public.

His audience seemed to be in entire sympathy with his assertion that a way must be found to place the railroads on a solid basis, and especially his statement that no other question is of greater importance because it lies the solution of an agricultural problem, and the consequent assurance of the industrial position of the United States.

While the people of this section for the most part look at the railroad question from the standpoint of the President and clamor for reduced freight rates, the President's hearers seemed to understand the truth of his assertion that many railroads are earning so little and costing so much to operate that they cannot be adequately maintained and expanded sufficiently to meet the demands of the traffic.

The applause was greater perhaps when Mr. Harding, after referring to the depressed condition of agriculture, said the farmers were calling loudly for relief from present transportation burdens, and when he added that the vital existence of the nation depends upon continuity of transportation and that the public was most interested as the party on which finally must be placed the burden of whatever adjustment is made.

Mr. Harding's discussion of the three plans he advanced for solution of the railroad problem—Government operation of the weak roads with a bearing of the loss; Government ownership and operation of all the railroads in a gigantic pool; and the compulsory consolidation hereof proposed into large groups under private management and Government regulation, instead of the voluntary provision for such consolidation as now provided for in the Esch-Cummings transportation act—was followed attentively.

The unknown donor of the beautiful chapel, the finest building in the St. George's school group at Middletown, R. I., was disclosed. He is John Nicholas Brown, "the richest boy in the world," a graduate of this school and of Harvard College.

Cuticura Heals
Burning Itching
Eczema On Child

"Eczema broke out in small pimples on my little girl's face and head. It seemed to burn and itch continually, causing her to scratch and irritate it. Her face was very much disfigured for a time, and her hair came out in clumps and was useless and dry. She was very restless at night."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and found that they gave her relief so bought more, and within two months she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. William Bentell, 549 Lamberston St., Trenton, N. J., Sept. 3, 1921.

These fragrant emollients are all you need for all toilet purposes. Soap to cleanse and purify, Ointment to soothe and heal, Talcum to powder and perfume.

Sample Cuticura Soap and Ointment sent free to you on request. Write to: Cuticura Soap Co., Dept. 5, P. O. Box 100, New York, N. Y.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

Interest begins Saturday, July 21, 1923

DIVIDENDS 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

DEPOSIT NOW

THE KEY THAT IS WORTH HAVING

An account with the Industrial Trust Company is the key which enables the depositor to unlock the door to bright prospects.

Why not avail yourself of it? Come in and open an account.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Filled
Telephone Connection

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORM

News of New England
From Our Own Files

The latest is a cranberry school that has been devised by Prof. H. J. Franklin, director of the State bog, West Wareham, Mass. Prof. Franklin's observations show that of fruit worms placed in cans, and surrounded by sand, last fall, 36 out of 100 matured. The presence of a fruitworm parasite, however, attacks these fruit worms and destroys them, and in the cans the parasite was also in evidence. The indications, Prof. Franklin believes, are that the present year may be a bad one for fruit worms, and the growers are to pool their information in an effort to destroy them.

The discovery of a bank account of \$7750 in the name of Ira D. Sankey of the famous Evangelistic team of Moody and Sankey, led to a long search for the Sankey will, which has lain dormant since the evangelist's death in 1903, in Brooklyn, N. Y. The will, dated Sept. 13, 1902, provides for an equal distribution of the estate among his widow, and his two sons, all of whom have since died. The major portion of the \$7750 will now go to Grace V. Sankey, a grand-daughter, of Northfield, Mass., the only surviving relative. Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, died in 1908, leaving a widow, Frances V. Sankey, and two sons, Ira Allen Sankey and John E. Sankey. When the widow died in 1910 she left \$70,000, but gave nothing to the sons, saying they had more than their share of their father's estate. Miss Grace V. Sankey, heir to the estate of Ira D. Sankey, noted evangelist, is the daughter of Mrs. John Phelps of Northfield, Mass.

Members of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., alumnae have been given an invitation to be present, July 15, at the dedication of a bell presented by Smith College to Grocott, a French village, 60 miles from Paris. The bell commemorates the work of the Smith College unit in reconstruction. It will be christened Marie, in accordance with the French custom of giving every church bell the name of a saint. The Smith College war service board will entertain the mayor of Grocott and other invited guests at luncheon.

Following sweeping investigations by the internal revenue bureau, taxes have been collected on illicit incomes of Joseph Palazzo of Hingham Avenue and John Killa of No. 95 Bruce street, two of the biggest bootleggers ever captured in Hartford, Conn. Killa, who was arrested in 1921, is the first of the "big boys" to be sent to prison for bootlegging.

John Adams Garland, a descendant of John Adams, and for many years a resident of Somerville, Mass., died at his home in that city. Mr. Garland was born on the original John Adams homestead, Newington, N. H., Sept. 28, 1842. At the age of 18 he went into railroad work and made rapid advancement, becoming general passenger agent of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and subsequently of the Stonington line.

From a Canadian Army (agent "some where in France") to the flag of the East Cambridge, Mass., Province Court, is the journey of a soldier's will, drawn up in the war year of 1914, and filed in the East Cambridge Court. The will is that of the late George O. Lambert, of Somerville, who served through the war as a member of the 79th Battery, Canadian Expeditionary Force, and committed suicide in Somerville, about a year ago, by gas asphyxiation.

STATE COAL CONTROL DECIED

President Speaks in Protest Against Idea at Cheyenne.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Nationalizing of the coal mines would be a step toward "national paralysis," which a sane America will everlastingly avoid," President Harding declared in a vigorous speech here. The President asserted that nationalization is one way, not to solve the coal problem.

"There can be no coal mining in free America under the force of arms," said the President.

MICHIGAN DESPERADO KILLED

Escaped Prisoner Who Killed Officer Riddled in Swamp.

Marquette, Mich.—Four days after he had shot and killed Frank Curran, a deputy sheriff, and eight days after he had escaped from the Marquette prison, George Natchoff, a Bulgarian, was discovered crawling through a patch of underbrush near Perkins, and a few seconds later his body was riddled with bullets fired by a posse of deputies under Sheriff Carney of Delta county.

Exit "The Crow's Nest"

By ROBERTA GRAY

New shook off the last clinging bits of confetti and, refusing a ride with Larry Seales, swung into a stride up the avenue alone. Larry had pretty Dorcas Lee with him, and Ned had seen enough of that sort of thing for one day—good old Bill married and Sam haunting that bride with the corn-cobbing hair. Times surely were changing!

Ned was suddenly seized by a long-some presentment that the days of the Crow's Nest were numbered. They had rented the Crow's Nest, he and Bill and Sam, when they had graduated from college together two years before. Bill had so named it, loosely, the first night they occupied it, partly in ridicule of the former occupants, a housekeeping artist and his wife, whose placard, "The Love Nest," was still hanging sentimentally over the hall entrance.

"Oh, love birds, what a come-down!" Bill mocked the sign. "From now on you're out of your natural element!"

"Well, it's a damned good attic," was Sam's contented comment, "with plenty of cozy nooks in sight, and a bit of sky and sea."

So they had unpacked their banners, their sheepskins and the rest of it, and turned the "damned good attic" into a convivial bachelors' hangout. And now Bill was the first defaulter. He had announced his defection casually enough a short month ago. Ned was buried in a book, and Sam and Larry were twanging their banjos in doubtful harmony with their lusty voices.

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling," they bawled.

Bill vented his disgust. "Wow, what a squawk," he exploded, aiming a pillow in the general direction of the hubbub. "It makes a chap glad he's getting out of here for a little peace and quiet!"

Ned looked up, in quick dread of what was coming.

"It's so, boys," Bill acknowledged amiably. "Congratulations are in order, but make them short, for the little lady is expecting me at seven-thirty!"

Indignation reigned then, but when, a little later, Ned and Bill were alone, the prospective bridegroom had allowed the first touch of feeling to show through his mask of cheerful banter.

"It's the greatest thing in the world, Ned, old Sox," he confessed, sheepishly. And Ned, who had never had time to bother with girls, wondered as he climbed the stairs to the "blamed good attic" if it weren't just possible that he was missing something. He opened the door with an unexpected dread of the emptiness within. . . . opened it upon the most adorable surprise of his life!

She must have been very small, for as she peered at him over the back of her chair she was curiously like a mischievous little goblin.

Ned stared his astonishment, completely at loss as to what the etiquette of the occasion demanded of him. But the girl apparently did not notice.

"You've been very long about coming," she reproached him. "I've had to amuse myself by cat-napping while I waited."

No further rejoinder occurred to Ned, he continued to stare, all the while berating himself for being a tongue-tied idiot! Oh, for the grace that goes with a Bill or a Sam! He had always told himself that he hadn't had time for girls. Now he knew that he had been afraid of them!

"I'm afraid there's some mistake," he managed to stammer lamely when the silence had grown embarrassing.

The girl took immediate alarm. "You mean that you didn't expect me? Aren't you Billy Lawson?" she demanded.

Ned was tempted to assume the name and any responsibility that it might entail, for he was beginning to enjoy the situation. There was a certain piquancy in finding a strange, extraordinarily pretty girl ensconced in one's den, with all the manner of having been invited.

But she was gathering her wraps together in confused apology. "I thought I followed directions so carefully," she faltered, "and—and the key was under the mat!"

They both laughed at that, and the sound of their voices relieved the constraint of the moment before. Ned noted, fascinated, that her voice was full, a trifle husky; she noticed that his eyes warmed to a twinkle with his laugh.

So they ate English muffins, toasted over the gas jet, and she brewed tea, and finally they quavered merrily over the dishes. But when she was ready to leave she would not allow Ned to escort her.

She had not given her name, and Ned stood by the door, wistfully conscious of how great a difference this afternoon had brought in his life.

"You won't believe it, I suppose," he told her, "but I've been frightfully homesick until you came." And proof positive of his earnestness, he actually believed what he said!

"I'm a humbug," the girl confessed, flushing painfully. But she reached up on tiptoe just as she disappeared, and her fleet, impulsive kiss landed somewhere on Ned's chin.

Sam came home in a jolly humor. He grinned at Ned significantly. "And how did the little tea party go?" he wanted to know.

A sudden conviction that no such person as "Billy Lawson" existed, dawned on Ned, but he made no sign. "Tell me," he demanded of Sam, "where did you find her?"

Sam confirmed his "humbug." "Don't you know? Why, she's Billy's new sister-in-law. If you did anything but blather, you'd know she's the most popular girl in her set, and she'd do anything on a dare."

"Um-m," Ned was softly stroking his chin. "Say, Sam, how long a lease do we have on this confounded attic?"

PRESIDENT AT A CLAMBAKE

Rutherford B. Hayes Said to Have Greatly Enjoyed Himself With the "Common People."

It is a curious fact that often the most silent of men receive the greatest publicity. For instance, Vice President Coolidge is perhaps better known for his silence than for any other quality.

The Rhode Island clam bake leaped into national importance nearly fifty years ago when, after spending many years of an easy-going life, basking about the beaches on both sides of Narragansett bay, no less a personage than the President of the United States sought the satisfaction of the gustatory senses found only among the habits of the Rhode Island clam-bake.

The claim's ascent to the presidential limbo came in 1877, when President Rutherford B. Hayes made his memorable trip through New England and visited the annual national clam-bake of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was held that year in Providence. The President was the recipient of all sorts of welcomes, of course, and this hospitable city made good her reputation. His first talk over a telephone was in this city with Prof. Alexander Bell on the same day that he attended his first clam-bake.

It is stated, without referring to history, that June 28, 1877, was the greatest day in the life of President Hayes.

The trip to Rocky point, where the clam-bake was to be served, was kept secret, for it was said that the President would go to Newport. He sailed down the river amid sporadic cannonading and a flotilla of boats that followed him. His "secret" entry to Rocky point was viewed by not more than 20,000 people, who gathered around the bake to note his mingled expression of surprise and delight, tinged with chagrin that he had not had that experience in his early youth.

The scene of the auspicious event was pictured at the time in an illustrated paper, one of the chief illustrated weeklies of the period, a copy of which was recently brought to attention by Mrs. John Russell of Friendship street.

Local experts will note with surprise that the chief executive is represented as eating his clams with a fork. It is evident that this was a fancied recognition of the dignity of the fork and the office. Not within the memory of oldest inhabitants it is recalled hereabouts that any other clam-bake guest ever attempted to absorb the succulence of the familiar bivalve while clad in a frock coat, or that it was ever "de rigueur" to use a fork in the process. Attacking a bowl of yawning clams appetizingly enveloped in a cloud of pungent steam is as irregular as cutting the kernels off a juicy cob of corn instead of advancing upon it with bared teeth like an honest epicure.

President Hayes, of course, cannot be criticized for his breach of Rhode Island table manners, but if he could only have experienced the delightful sensation of grasping the delicate body of a dainty clam and casting it into the pool of melted butter, and then, with an imperceptible twist of the wrist, "give 'er a flip, and down she goes!"

The Rhode Island clam-bake, however, is still a thing of national importance and, without doubt, another presidential epicure will some day sail down Narragansett bay. He shall have his cannonading and his flotilla and he shall have his clam-bake, but no fork—just a speckless napkin.—"Providence Journal."

Job for "Men." Freddie was much elated at the thought of going downtown to buy his first cloth suit. But he looked dubiously at his mother, who was preparing to go with him. Then his face brightened, and, looking importantly at his father, he said, "Daddy, don't you think us men would know more about buying a suit?"—Exchange.

On the Right Path. We stumble and falter and fall, but we are never lost if even once in a while we can set our eyes upward and outward and our feet on a path which leads us to work for man, for mankind, and not for ourselves.—Robert W. Bingham.

Various Uses of Honey. Honey can be used safely in diseases where other sweets are interdicted. In diabetes honey and saccharine replace other sweets. In the various diseases in which cod liver oil is prescribed, honey and cream, or honey and butter, can be used as a substitute.

STOLEN PAPERS FOUND AT BALL

Recovery of Diplomat's Wallet Just as Thrilling as Best of Nick Carter Tales.

Prague.—During the joyous days of the recent carnival in Prague there was performed, quite unknown to the revelers, a clever piece of detective work on the part of the local police which resulted in the restoring to a distracted diplomat of certain papers which to him were of the greatest importance.

The police worked quietly into the night life of the city, and such was their success that before the night was over the city jail had two new tenants and a young man was speeding out of Prague to the foreign office of his government, expressing heartfelt thanks to the local inspector of police who, in this aggressive, can be referred to only as Mr. D—.

Valuable Papers Stolen. Mr. D—, seated one afternoon in his office behind a pile of papers, was interrupted suddenly by a young diplomat representing one of the great powers of Europe, who declared his business to be most urgent. He related that a wallet containing documents of great value had been stolen. He had left it for a few moments on his writing table to go to another room in the legation, and when he returned it was gone. Furthermore, there were jewels in the wallet, his personal property, but their abstraction did not disturb the young foreigner half as much as the loss of the papers.

"I must leave Prague by the night train," he explained to the inspector, "and I will be ruined for life if these documents cannot be recovered."

Mr. D— drove to the legation and looked over the wallet substituted for that of the diplomat. It contained a Prague newspaper from which a clipping had been made. The inspector secured an intact copy of this paper, and was thus able to read the clipping cut out by the thief. Also Mr. D— found traces of face powder between the leaves of the wallet.

The clipping announced that there was to be a masked ball that evening at a well-known hall in the city. With this as his main clue the inspector assured the diplomat that he would restore the papers, and, after assigning a detective to watch the palace, he hurried away to don a fancy costume. He was going to the ball.

Dressed as Officer. The only costume he could find was his old full dress Austrian uniform, a souvenir of the days when Prague was a part of the Austrian empire. As he was leaving his house, the detective at the legation telephoned him the daughter of the janitor of the legation had just left her apartments in the costume of Carmen.

It did not take the inspector long to locate Carmen at the ball. She was seeking a man who eventually appeared in the uniform of a Hungarian magnate, and wearing the customary black mask. The pair withdrew discreetly into a quiet room, and the inspector waited at the only exit.

Soon they came out, the girl wearing an expensive necklace she had not had on before. The inspector approached Carmen and the Hungarian magnate and spoke a few quiet but well-chosen words. There was no protest and no scene. They preceded him to a taxicab, and on the way to the railroad station, the inspector stopped at police headquarters. "Expert hands searched the pair, and the inspector quietly took possession of the diplomat's portfolio, the necklace, and other pieces of jewelry."

Mr. D— drove alone, and arrived at the railroad station after the gates for the night train had been closed. On the platform he found the young diplomat with watch in hand trying to persuade the train crew to delay departure for just a few moments.

Mr. D— made good his promise. He handed the diplomat his portfolio and in it were intact the missing documents and the jewels.

Mountain of Water Tosses Vessel in Air

Tacoma, Wash.—A mountain of water that rose from the sea was described here by Capt. George G. Mitchell of the Nawsco liner Brush. Capt. Mitchell said that on the morning of March 20, while the Brush was 50 miles off the coast of Mexico, sailors saw a long unbroken black line on the sea. This line approached the Brush rapidly, until it was seen that it was a wall of water fully 70 feet in height.

The ship was made ready for the onslaught and Capt. Mitchell said when the water hit the vessel it seemed as though a great hand clasped the ship and elevated it into the air. There was not a breath of wind at the time. For six hours the log of the Brush shows the vessel wallowed in swells equal to those off Cape Horn. The ship was driven miles off her course.

He Has Rude Awakening. Pipe Creek, O.—Max Cavato, miner, went to sleep in the tracks of the Pennsylvania's Pownatan division. An engine chug awakened him by tossing him off the tracks without injuring him except for a few cuts and many bruises.

Chess "Fans" Not Vociferous. Various games, various customs. At cricket you say "Jolly well played." At golf you applaud discreetly. At football you blow a horn. At baseball you yell. "The chess fan is different from all of them," commented a devotee of that game. He was asked to explain. "Well, the more excited you get, the stiller you keep."

OLD DAYS LIVE IN MEMORY

Carpenter Recalls Ancient Times When He Revisits the Trails That He Used to Ride.

There's a scope of country that stretches hundreds of miles north and south of the Santa Fe. The tourists when they go through it pull down their windows for fear of the dust. You can hear 'em say, "What an awful country it is; how desolate and destitute of life; a person would surely die of loneliness living in such a dreadful place," etc. Well—that's where I'm headed for, if I don't get my throat cut by barb wire before I get there. The water-holes are 40 miles apart and maybe dry when you get to 'em. You'd be surprised, but there's cattle there and no fences. Fact is, the country ain't worth fencing. The only gate is on the coral by the spring. When you get out of it on your crow-hopping bronc you're free to go whichever way you please. The old trails are the same there, and I can spread my loop without getting it caught in a fence post. It's a place where posters never stop and sheep can't live.

Some folks call it the Country God forgot, but I think different. As I'm sitting upon this little knoll, taking a last look at the country where I'd put in so many hard rides, a little corvete ambles up the side of the hill, sees me and stops, starts to run some more, then somehow feels that I'm harmless and stops again. I see him blinking and notice a trap kept one of his paws. He, too, has been crowded a heap, and somehow I have more admiration for him than I used to. I'd like to let him know we're no enemies no more.

The sun is going down as I straddle my horse and head south for an all-night ride. It's most dark before I look back. I can see the outline of the river breaks I know, so well, and not so far behind I can hear the Yip! Yip! of the little old three-legged coyote—he's following!—Will James in Scribner's.

The Weakest Link

The victory of August 8, 1918, which Ludendorff confesses was the most smashing blow he ever received, owed its success to surprise. It was all important the Germans should not suspect that an attack was to be made and it was hoped they would think the southward movement of our troops was just to relieve French divisions. In the early hours of August 4 the enemy raided three posts on our new front at Hougues and secured a prisoner. He was an Australian. What he said made the enemy sure that the extension of our front was just to set free French troops. Another instance of the loyalty which made the surprise possible is the story of two runners making their way down the line the night before the battle. They suddenly came on a long line of tanks. "Goodness," exclaimed the one, "just look at that." "Sh," said the other, putting his finger to his lips. "I guess there's a raid on." This story occurs in "Sir Douglas Haig's Command." How many lives depended on the loyalty of that Australian prisoner!—London Times.

Real "Meanest Man" Is Found

"The Meanest Man in the World" crops up every now and again in the police court, some chap who has robbed a blind beggar or done his poor-old mother out of her savings. It is rather difficult to say which is the meanest. There are so many. And many never figure in the police courts at all, observes the New York Sun.

The other night on a Bronx Park express subway train there was a pale individual who is undoubtedly a charter member of "The Meanest." He was standing in front of a seated old woman who was worried as to her destination. When the train pulled into the Fourteenth street station, "Is this Ninety-sixth?" she asked him timidly.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, and slid into the seat which, she, in a hurry, vacated.

Swedish Queen Finds Home

Queen Victoria of Sweden has just begun the establishment of a rest cure for women as her investment of the \$45,000 which she received on her sixtieth birthday, last year, as a gift subscribed by the women of her country, and her popularity has been enhanced more than ever by this act.

The site of the new rest cure, says a Stockholm paper, is the picturesque island of Oland, in the Baltic, just off the southwest coast of Sweden, where the queen's favorite summer villa, "Sollden," is situated. She has purchased three houses, which will be reconstructed for the new institution.

Surplus on Hand

An elderly young lady passed the club window. Most of those assembled at the window knew her, and the general verdict was that she was a nice girl but had entered the old-maid class. One clubman spoke up.

"Serves her right." He was asked to explain and did so.

"Ten years ago she refused to let me have a kiss."

"Well?"

"Now she has a large stock that she can't dispose of."

Heart Twice Normal Size

Staggering and falling on the side walk at Miles Platting, England, an ex-soldier was found, on removal to the infirmary, to be dead. He had been discharged from the British army as medically unfit, and pensioned. A post-mortem examination indicated that death had been due to valvular disease of the heart, the man's heart being twice the normal size.

One is never done with knowing the greatest men or the greatest works of art—they carry on and on, and at the last you feel that you are only beginning.—T. R. Glover.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

MADE THEM OBEY

Remarkable Power Exercised Over Reptiles by Egyptian.

Incantations Apparently Made Deadly Creatures Responsive to His Will, and Harmless.

"The charmer's name is Moussa," writes a correspondent from Luxor to the London Times. "He drove with us from Luxor, sitting on the box seat of one of the carriages with a basket in his hand which he sufficiently satisfied us was empty; a little man and swarthy, with a bristling, untamed moustache, lean-faced and quick of movement, as perhaps you have to be in dealing with cobras and scorpions and such. Dressed in black, with a white turban on his head, carrying a longish cane in his hand, he led the way—we five English following—amid the rubbish heaps and piles of broken pottery and old mud bricks which litter the dusty plain about the temple of Karnak. As he walked he harangued the world at large, chanting in a high-pitched monotone texts, we were told, from the Koran, and powerful incantations taught him by his grandfather. A great man must his grandfather have been. He learned all his lore from Hakim Syed Suleiman himself, a shakel so potent that every snake and scorpion in Egypt knows and trembles at his name today."

"Calling our attention to a particular hole among heaped bits of masonry the little man attacked the orifices from afar with the point of his stick, thrusting at it angrily, chipping the sides, stirring the dust before it. Then, advancing gingerly and with his flowing sleeves pushed back to leave his lean arms bare, reaching out, he picked delicately out of that dust, by the extreme tip of its tail, a wriggling scorpion."

"It was not a large one, but large enough—some four or five inches long over all, a greenish-yellow, semitranslucent, horrid thing. For a while Moussa played with it for our benefit, letting it do its best to sting the calloused tip of his thumb and making it sit motionless at the word of command in Suleiman's dreaded name. Then he placed it on a stone, whence it promptly scuttled away. More scorpions followed, with the same pantomime in every case. Along the old mud-brick wall of the Romans, full on the face of which the sun was beating, the snakes came. First a thin, gray snake, perhaps three and one-half feet long, heaved struggling out of a hole in the old wall and flung upon the sand at our feet. We were assured that it was abominably poisonous, but from the shape of its head it looked as harmless as a grass snake at home."

"Again he snatched something, smelled it from afar—something big—perhaps a cobra! And presently before a group of three holes close together in the wall he stopped with a very fury of exhortation. Every charm that his grandfather ever knew must surely have been invoked as the little man threatened and commanded and thrashed at the wall with his stick."

"After thrusting his stick into one hole after another, he conveyed to us that the three were connected inside the wall, and the snake, he gave us to understand, was dodging him from one to another. At last he seemed to have cornered his prey and, reaching his bare arm almost to the shoulder deep into one of the black openings he drew out, the reptile doing its best to resist, a struggling cobra getting on for five feet long. It was certainly a formidable looking thing as it slid this way and that over the sand or stopped to rear its head and expand its hood like a uraeus of one of the old Egyptian kings come to life."

"The creature, thus unprepared, its black tongue flickering in and out of its narrow slit of a mouth, Moussa, stooping down before it, slowly reached out his hand. Very gradually, almost imperceptibly, he brought it nearer and nearer to that wicked-looking head until it was but six inches away, plainly within striking distance. Then gently, as if in exhausted surrender, the serpent reached forward and softly laid its head in the upturned palm. It was an extraordinarily dramatic curtain to the play."

Timber Situation Serious

The accessible timber of the world is inadequate to the requirements of civilization, says the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture. We now draw one-third of our paper requirements from Canada. There is an embargo on the export of pulp wood from the crown lands of Canada, and this is likely to be extended to all forest lands in the Dominion, completely shutting off the supply of raw material for the paper industry of the United States. This illustrates the hazard of becoming dependent upon foreign supplies of timber, it is pointed out.

Fringe Restored to Fashion

Years ago, British fashion dictated that every woman should wear a fringe of short hair on the forehead. The vogue became so general that mistresses, advertising for servants, stipulated "no fringe." Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has revived the practice, wearing a fringe about an inch above the eyebrows, says the Daily Express.

Up Go the Taxes

Taxes on farm land have more than doubled during the last eight years. The average tax per acre in 1822 was 71 cents, as compared with 81 cents in 1914.

Big Telescope for Russia

St. Albans, England.—One of the most wonderful telescopes in the world is nearing completion here for shipment to the Nikolai observatory, Russia. It weighs about nine tons, the inside diameter is 45 feet, the refracting telescope for photography is 32 inches, and the whole will be fitted to a revolving turret of steel.

KNIGHTHOOD IN SWEDEN IS SLOWLY DYING OUT

During Last Generation 125 Lines Have Terminated.

Stockholm.—Knighthood is still in flower in Sweden, although the petals are falling one by one. This sentiment is suggested by the fact that the assembly of nobles, which comes once every three years, has just been held in the historic Hall of Knights. Attended by scores of counts and baronets, many hundreds of years old.

The chamber of nobles, as such, has not been active in Swedish government since 1859, and scarcely any titles have been created since that time. Statistics go on to be printed show that there are at present in Sweden 62 lines of counts, 135 baronial lines and 453 other titled families. During the last generation about 125 different lines have terminated. It is a law in the chamber of nobles that a line ends if the family, holding the title changes its nationality.

Thus many emigrants to America and other countries have sought new fortunes at the price of old titles. It is also a law that a Swedish aristocratic house must be declared extinct when there has been no male birth in it during a period of 50 years.

Swedish nobility had its origin, probably, in the Twelfth century, in privileges awarded for military service, and a great number of titles were created during the first half of the Seventeenth century, by the famous King Gustavus Adolphus.

A few years after his death was built the beautiful Hall of Knights, where the assemblies are now held. With its curiously carved copper roof, its walls hung with gorgeous armorial bearings, it is one of the show places of the capital.

The Swedish nobles of today are great patrons of arts and sciences. Many are found in military and political posts, while others engage in model farming on their estates.

Polar Natives Say Slain Kin Hold Nightly Revel

Anchorage, Alaska.—Some natives of Alaska profess to believe that the angry spirits of the Aleuts massacred at the behest of the early Russian discoverers and traders under Shelikoff, Baranoff and Chirikoff are lurking in the volcanoes of the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.

Beneath the thin crust of the earth covering the lower Alaskan peninsula and the Aleutian archipelago, these spirits, the natives assert, are holding nightly revels and emerging periodically to hurl fire, smoke and thunder at the heads of the invaders.

The fateful recital of the natives is that on Chirikoff Island, long famed as haunted, a half hundred natives were lured into a log compound, set upon by savage enemies under direction of the Russians, murdered and despoiled of priceless sea otter skins. Their spirits are appearing again in protest. The eruption of three volcanoes in January, they say, a re-vivification of these spirits and will continue until they are avenged.

For many years Chirikoff Island has been a place seldom inhabited by natives or whites. Many harrowing tales from Chirikoff, were brought here by Captain Erik Galkema, who has visited almost every nook and harbor along the Aleutians. Last summer the skipper braved the Valley of Smokes, emerging with the shoes burned from his feet and with many stories to tell.

Kill 500 Horses a Week for Food in Berlin

Washington.—Five hundred horses a week are being slaughtered for food in Berlin, according to reports to the Commerce department. With the increased scale of prices and added difficulties in food supply which have followed the Ruhr occupation, horse meat sales are said to be increasing rapidly. Horse meat sells now at 2,000 marks per pound, which is roughly equal to about 10 cents in American money.

Bad Luck Triplets

The natives of Barotseland, in Africa, when any of their women bring triplets into the world, consider the birth as an ill-luck omen. One is killed and two are left, the reason being that the mother has only two breasts.

Pessimistic Doctrine

The highest order of mind is accused of folly, as well as the lowest. Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority has established this, and it fixes its fangs on whatever gets beyond it either way.—Pascal.

Plant Travels an Inch a Year

One of the most extraordinary plants known is the "traveling plant," which has a root formed of knots by which it annually advances about an inch from the place where it was first rooted.

Not Much New in Cotton Machines

Thousands of years before the invention of cotton machinery in Europe Hindus had cotton gins, spinning wheels and looms.

Depth and Stillness

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid lake the most profound.—Walter Savage Landor.

Old Surgery Still Practiced

Two thousand five hundred years ago Hindus performed surgical operations for catarrh by a method which still survives.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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HOW

CUSHIONS REVEAL THE CHARACTER OF WOMEN. —Women are judged by many things, but a sure test is sofa cushions.

Frisly cushions, embroidered cushions, silk cushions, soft cushions, hard cushions, crumpled cushions, fresh cushions, lots of cushions, no cushions, all tell a plain tale, if eyes are sufficiently discerning.

There was once a woman who furnished a drawing room with everything of the best, but no cushions.

An excellent woman of upright character, but hard as nails. She uses no cushions in her drawing room, no sympathy in her life.

Another room, a beautiful one. Here are cushions in plenty, masses of them—square cushions, round cushions, long cushions, cushions that look like a half-opened rose.

Yet there is something wrong. They all look brand new. No one ever uses them.

The owner, as pretty as her sofa cushions, will, like them, go through life untroubled and uncrumpled; and, like them, she will miss much.

There is an emptiness in that room in spite of all the cushions, and there is a loneliness in her life that corresponds.

One more scene. This room, too, is full of lovely things and flowers and books. A big fire is blazing; a sofa drawn invitingly near, and on the sofa are cushions of all sorts.

Big cushions, little cushions, plump cushions, soft downy cushions, and in all the chairs are cushions. Everywhere you look there are cushions, and they all seem to say, "Come and try us; we are made for resting tired heads." And all about the room is a feeling of home and rest.

The owner of it? Well, she is just natural, simple, womanly. She, like her sofa cushions, has grasped the purpose of life and is trying to fulfill it.

Instinctively one feels that as the cushions in her room prech rest to tired bodies and renewed energy, she herself means comfort to thousands and fresh courage to grapple with life. In her eyes, life is the quiet happiness and strength of one who has won to peace through much striving.

And as the atmosphere of her room is home, so the aura around her is love.

The cushions have spoken truly once more.—London Mail.

NO CHANGE IN NATURE'S LAW

How the Principles of Growth in Animals and Plants Has Been Fixed for All Time.

We often speak of our bodies as machines or engines working upon principles similar to those employed in mechanics. The idea that the food we eat resembles in its action the fuel supplied to a furnace is familiar, and yet one can hardly avoid a little start of surprise upon learning that the laws of heat engines are soberly applied to explain the growth of plant and animal life.

This has been done in a most interesting way by a British scientist before the Philosophical Society in London. He points out, for instance, that the increase of available energy resulting from the building up of a plant out of inorganic substances can only be explained, in accordance with thermodynamic laws, by differences of temperature during the growth of the plant, and his calculations show that the difference between day and night is quite sufficient to account for the differences of temperature required.

Similar principles apply to the growth of animals. Nature gives nothing for nothing, and demands an exact equivalent for every expenditure of her energies, whether she is aiding man to drive an engine, causing an oak to grow or building up the muscles of an athlete or the brain of a philosopher. And as far as her work upon the planet is concerned the source of her supplies in all these cases is the sun.—New York Herald.

How Shark Fins Are Used.

The demand for shark fins is always greater than the supply, and they fetch a high price. The principal American market is San Francisco. Considerable quantities are consumed by the Chinese of the Pacific coast, but most of them are exported to China, where shark-fin soup is regarded as one of the greatest of all delicacies. The fins should be at least six inches longer than eight inches are preferred. The flesh should be trimmed off them, after which they should be dried thoroughly in the sun, without salt.

QUACKGRASS CAN BE CONTROLLED

Noxious Plant Can Rarely Be Exterminated on Large Areas, Says Recent Bulletin.

PLOW UNDER IN HOT WEATHER

Weed Works Its Way Into Fields, Becoming Thoroughly Established Before Recognized—It Resembles Wheat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Quackgrass can rarely be exterminated on large areas, but it can be brought under reasonable control, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The best plan, according to Farmers' Bulletin 1307, "Quackgrass," by L. W. Kephart of the bureau of plant industry, which has just been published, is to allow it to form a sod and then plow it in midsummer during dry, hot weather. After plowing, the field should be harrowed frequently until winter and the following year planted with a cultivated crop.

Quackgrass occurs in this country most abundantly in the region north of the Ohio and east of the Missouri river, but during recent years the weed has been found invading the valley lands and irrigated soils. In the Pacific Northwest where it promises to be as troublesome as in the East.

One of the principal reasons for the wide and continued distribution of quackgrass is the fact that it does not look like a weed. There are no bright, showy flowers; coarse, ugly leaves; or other features by which weeds are distinguished. To the casual observer the plant is simply a grass, and thus it works its way into the fields, becoming thoroughly established before it is recognized. It is most important, therefore, that the farmer should be able to recognize quackgrass at sight.

Closely Related to Wheat.

In general appearance quackgrass resembles a thin-headed variety of wheat. The plant is, in fact, closely related to wheat, and as there are not many wild grasses which resemble that cereal, the occurrence of a wheat-like grass in the field should be regarded with suspicion. The grasses which might be confused most commonly with quackgrass on this account are western wheatgrass, slender wheatgrass, and wild rye. In the western states, and Italian rye-grass and perennial rye-grass in the eastern states. None of these grasses is hard to destroy. Positive identification of quackgrass can be secured by examining the seed heads, the leaves, and the rootstocks. The bulletin on the subject contains photographic plates and detailed description of the weed at its different stages of growth that make identification easy.

While there is no quick and easy method of controlling quackgrass, and different methods have to be employed under varying conditions, experience has shown that certain fundamental phases of control are constant and dependable, and may be accepted as principles upon which the practice of control is based.

Quackgrass control depends more than anything else on the character of the season and fair weather is absolutely essential if any progress is to be made. Cultivation in wet weather merely encourages the weed to spread. Wet weather, of course, cannot be foretold, and it often happens that rainy weather sets in after a campaign of eradication is well under way. Under such circumstances the only thing to do is to accept the situation philosophically, abandon the work temporarily, and await a more favorable season.

When it is possible to plow a quack-infested field so that the roots can be covered to a great depth, as is sometimes practiced, using two plows, one following the other in the same furrow, this method has been found very satisfactory. The work requires skillful plowmen, however, and special types of plows, and the soil must be deep and easily turned.

Work Must Be Thorough.

To be effective against quackgrass, cultivation and harrowing must be thorough, frequent and persistent. Half-way cultivation is worse than none. Certain systems of cropping are suggested in the bulletin as a means of holding quackgrass in check on large areas. The use of another crop that makes a heavy, dense growth, and kill the weeds by drowning and shading, is also suggested under certain conditions. Miscellaneous methods of control for small areas are discussed. On small patches tar paper covering can be used effectively to smother the quackgrass, but this method is too laborious for large areas.

Those interested in the method of quackgrass control may have the bulletin free of charge by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

PROPER CARE OF MACHINERY

Time for Making Repairs Is When Trouble Starts, Not When Impairment Is Wreaked.

A machine is not a living thing, yet, like a person, it has its ills and troubles and, like a person, it needs the doctor and needs him at the proper time or else its mechanical life is shortened or lost. The proper time for the doctor is just when the trouble starts and not when life is gone.

The Former Easier Picking.

You can pick out your fools by their questions and wise men by their answers.—Boston Transcript.

Nigerian Cradles.

The women of Nigeria carry their new-born babies in calabash shells.

COST OF MARKETING HOGS IN CORN BELT

About One-Third of Total Is Terminal Charges.

Crippling Loss Found Heavier In November to March Than in Other Months—Seasonal Variation Found in Shrinkage.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

About one-third of the total cost of marketing hogs by co-operative shipping associations consists of terminal charges, such as commission, yardage and feed, the United States Department of Agriculture has learned in a cost of marketing study in the corn belt. Commission comprised about 50 percent of the terminal charges, yardage about 20 per cent and feed 25 per cent. On the average the terminal costs at all markets for straight shipments ranged from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per 1,000 pounds, the average being about \$1.90 per 1,000 pounds. By individual associations the lowest cost was \$1.55 and the highest cost was \$2.03.

Losses from crippling were found to be heavier in November to March, inclusive, than during other months of the year. The loss on account of killed hogs was found to be greater in the spring months, particularly May and June, than in other months. Both crippling and dead hogs were more numerous in mixed shipments than in straight shipments.

A seasonal variation in shrinkage was also found, the highest percentage or shrinkage occurring in August. From July to October, inclusive, shrinkage is greater than from November to March. Although mixed shipments showed greater shrinkage than straight shipments, the department points out that this may simply indicate that the organizations shipping mixed cars were not as efficient as others, or was due to the type of animal usually shipped in mixed cars.

The study consisted of data collected from 237 live stock shipping associations in the ten Middle Western states, which shipped more than 600,000 hogs in 1921. The carload or shipment was the unit used. A detailed report of the study is contained in a mimeographed pamphlet, entitled "Costs of Marketing Live Stock in the Corn Belt—1921," copies of which may be obtained upon request of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

TIMBER IS CASH FARM CROP

Extension Workers Urge That Farmers Be Advised as to Attention Needed in Woodlot.

That farm woodlot extension work should be undertaken at once was the opinion expressed at a recent meeting of state specialists in forestry and state foresters from 11 Northern states and representatives of the United States Department of Agriculture in New Haven.

Timber is coming to have an important place as a cash crop for the farmer and woodlot owner, it was pointed out, and the department workers urged that plans to assist the farmer with advice as to the starting and tending of his woodlot crops be made a part of their program.

Census figures show that, in 1919, 95,000 farmers in New England, or about 60 per cent of the total, harvested \$31,850,000 worth of forest products, an average of about \$330 per farm. The average farm income is between \$800 and \$1,000.

HARDEST OF LEGUME CROPS

Given Right Soil and Water Will Thrive Almost Anywhere—Crop Makes Good Feed.

Sweet clover is considered the hardest of the legume crops. Given a sweet soil, it will grow almost anywhere. It is particularly desirable for reclaiming fields which have been badly washed, and are not in condition for other crops. Sweet clover quickly puts a field in shape for alfalfa by loosening and inoculating the soil.

This crop makes good feed if cut before the stems are too mature. It yields heavily, even on thin soil. Like all legume crops it's a big help in enriching the soil. The farmer who wants to improve his soil, and expects to do it with legume crops, will do well to include sweet clover.

MANY BULLETINS ASKED FOR

Demand Is Greater in Counties Employing an Agricultural Extension Agent.

Counties employing an agricultural extension agent call for approximately twice as many bulletins from their state agricultural college as do counties having no agent, a study made in Kansas shows, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture.

FRESH EGGS FOR INCUBATOR

Poultryman Has Better Chance of Obtaining Good Hatch and Strong, Vigorous Chicks.

The fresher eggs are when they are put into the incubator or under the hen, the better the chances are for a good hatch and strong days should be the limit, because the risk in keeping the eggs longer than that is too great.

Careless smoking and children playing with matches caused a fire loss of \$3,550,708 during 1922, according to figures given out by Commissioner Foote of the Massachusetts department of public safety. The total fire loss for the year was \$14,746,779, as compared with \$15,587,908 in 1921.

VOGUE FOR LACES

Winsome Fluffy Material Graces Apparel from Underwear to Evening Gowns.

This promises to be a lacy season. Perhaps it is the Spanish influence that has cast its spell on America, or it may be a cry from the peasants of Belgium or France, calling to us to behold the beauties of foreign products.

But one finds exquisite laces from underwear to tea gown, afternoon frock and lovely evening gowns. And how reminiscent of soft summer evenings is the lace gown for dance or dinner, observes a fashion writer in the Chicago Evening American.

A smart gown for afternoon is of light brown lace grided with puffings of olive green ribbon and brown and gold embroidery. The bodice has thin kimono sleeves, oval neck and long waistline. The skirt is attached at the hips and falls soft and full, pointed in deep scallops at the bottom. The grille is made of the narrow, puttings, with the embroidery touched in between. Under this lace frock one wears a slip of soft tan satin, suspended from shoulder straps.

A beautiful gown that combines lace with velvet in a most unusual manner shows a slim slip of cyclamen velvet with short sleeves that barely cover the shoulders. Over this there is draped a skirt of mauve and silver lace, that hangs considerably below the velvet slip, and is caught up in the center front with a gorgeous buckle. A huge feather fan of American beauty shade and silver sandals and headpiece complete this striking costume.

Direct from Paris comes another clever lace and velvet gown, combining silver lace, blue tulle and velvet. The gown itself is of the old blue velvet, with closely fitted bodice and wing sleeves of the tulle. The skirt opens over a lavish petticoat of silver lace and blue tulle, showing a panel at the front. There is an attractive grille of blue, silver and jewels that hangs down the front over the petticoat.

Not only in gowns is the vogue for lace interpreted, but it is also shown on many of the spring hats. A small turn-down banner of sand colored straw is made more interesting by a short Parisian lace veil, that is scalloped and falls to the tip of the nose.

These lace veils lend an air of charm to the hat.

Straight Dresses Are Heavily Embroidered

The newer straight dresses which are being imported are things to inspire us to more creations in this direction. The skirts are heavy, being embroidered at the bottom in many layers of thickly laid-on stitches. And this application of embroidery may reach the knees, or it may even extend to a low waistline, in its effort to give distinction and an expression of the latest style to the frock which it adorns. For the rest, the dress remains quite plain, with short sleeves and, with a neck line that stretches straight across the throat from shoulder to shoulder, the opening coming at the back where no buttons have been added to obstruct the simplicity of the design. There still remains but a string to tie the lifings in place and a binding to define the opening through which the gown must needs be slipped over the head. There is a long tie belt, made, as of old, of the material of the gown, and it is caught together at one side or allowed to string down the back, just as the fancy may dictate or the designer may lay down as a law.

Short Fur Coats Are to Be Worn Into Summer



Little fur coats are to be much in evidence throughout the spring and into the early summer, according to fashion authorities. The model shown is in mole and German chipmunk.

Great Only by Comparison. The superiority of some people is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—Johnson.

Sin Common to All. We are all sinful; therefore whatever we blame in another we shall find in our own bosoms.—Seneca.

This Smart Outfit Is New Arrival From Paris



Among the early summer styles seen in Paris, the one pictured here, which is a blue voile dress, is embroidered in white cord and garnished with a large sash of pale blue. Note the collapsible sunshade.

Riot of New Shades in Latest Silk Hosiery

Regarding silk hosiery colors, there is such a riot of new shades that confusion becomes worse confounded every day. It is doubtful if even a color expert could begin to keep track of them. A great variety of colors is being offered in the lines of different manufacturers and wholesalers under names which could have no meaning to anybody who has not examined the lines in question. For example, could any bright little person tell us exactly what color is sky, or Piping Rock, or fanette, or noisette? There is no doubt about the fact that a manufacturer may get out a new color under an unrecognizable name, which will make a big hit. But the multitude of new and unrecognizable names for similar colors is extremely confusing, and makes exact color forecasting practically impossible. It may be said, however, that the leading colors for spring will be black, gun metal, tan and gray. The leadership of gun metal will be confined to chiffon weights. Under the heading of tan is included a variety of shades ranging from medium fawn to beige. The favored grays are the medium shades. Openwork cloths are generally expected to continue in the lead among fancies, although it is just possible that embroidered cloths may stage something of a comeback. Lace chiffons also seem to promise well for spring despite the fact that they have not been particularly good lately.—Dry Goods Economist.

Gay Colors in Coats to Distinguish the Season

Topcoats are invaluable for motor-ing, for travel, for cool days in the country or at the seashore. They are equally smart with the simple frocks or the chic box suits which are so now. The gaiety of their coloring reminds one of the present vogue for umbrellas of purple and red and bright blue. Just because the weather happens to be disagreeable, we've learned, is no reason for us to put on a somber appearance and be as cheerless as possible ourselves. And it's so funny, on a rainy day, to look down on a bobbing sea of gay umbrellas than a somber stream of dark ones.

It's the same with coats, and it's well to remember this when you go to select your new spring one. It's the season of bright colors, remember. It will be easy, too, to find a gay color which is becoming to you and of which you won't grow tired. If you have a becoming little hat, which you can wear with it, you won't have to bother about the coat being a perfect match for all your frocks, as the new spring coats are all-enveloping anyway.

Much Latitude Allowed by New French Sleeves

Sleeves, as offered by all the French houses, have novel features. They frequently come in tiers or pairs, a tightly-fitted under part, that may or may not extend over the hand, and a bell or other flowing sleeve. And yet short sleeves have not disappeared. They are shown on some of the most conspicuous models. The kimono sleeve is as good as ever for the street. For evening the rule is no sleeves at all.

On the whole, the sleeve question remains as it has for some seasons back. If short, tight sleeves become one's particular style, wear them by all means. The new styles only illustrate the truth that is establishing itself more and more—you are privileged to do as you please about the design of your clothes, so long as you observe certain prescribed lines, and the major rule of becomingness to your style.

Two-Toned Effects. The smart monogrammed blouse now comes in colors and is embroidered in a darker shade. Two-toned effects are very stylish.

Custom Comparatively Recent. Dogs were last driven in harness in England 60 years ago.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHY Research Into Oldtime Civilizations Is Interesting

An American engineer claims to have found two buried cities at the foot of a volcano in Mexico. The cities lie one above the other, separated by a deposit of volcanic matter 60 feet thick. Both towns were peopled by pyramid builders, the peaks of these structures of the older city rising through the lava which covers their bases. The upper town contains some well-carved idols.

Such a find shows again how little is known of the civilization of the western hemisphere prior to the coming of Columbus. The engineer who found these ruins believes that the oldest of them must date back several thousand years. Very likely he is right.

One hopes that the report will be followed up by systematic exploration, and also that research in the old world will not be allowed to slacken just because the newspapers no longer are carrying front-page stories of King Tut. The civilization of Mexico and Peru, wonderful as they were, died without leaving descendants. Our own culture is derived from the old world, directly from Rome and Greece, more distantly from Egypt, Palestine and Chaldea, with roots reaching back to the Cro-Magnon caves. Researches in such a field never will lack interest.

PROTEST BURNING OF PAPER

Why the Backyard Bonfire Should Be Ended Is Explained by Writer in Thrift Magazine.

At certain times of the year the rummaging of attics and basements yields a harvest of "discards" that are a perpetual problem for housecleaners.

The junk dealers, the backyard bonfires and other orthodox outlets for rubbish are often selected indiscriminately. The bonfire is a line of least resistance, but is becoming less popular among housecleaners who have been inoculated with the virus of thrift. The waste of debris that has a cash value reaches a colossal yearly aggregate.

For instance, the paper industry of the United States now utilizes millions of tons of waste paper in the manufacture of new paper. This fact, standing alone, may not excite much interest. But when it is added that the biggest problem of the American paper industry is the shortage of waste paper, we arrive at a new conception of the economic waste of bonfires.

A writer in Thrift Magazine goes further, and says that to save waste paper is to save the forests. Every ton of waste paper used in the paper mills means just so much of our forest resources saved for the future.

Why Proverbs Are Preserved.

Proverbs existed before books. The Spaniards date their "sayings of old wives by their firesides," before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in old romance or rudest vulgar idiom.

Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts. Like the old traditions of the Jews, they floated down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression remained, consecrated into a proverb. Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learned to think and speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict, at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to a novelty, says Isaac Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature."

How Style Follows Style.

It is a curious fact that the style of the past is often repeated in the present. The repetition of a fad which was started in Europe over a hundred years ago by Empress Josephine. However, the vogue of the Paisley shawl extends still further back in history, says Gertrude Linnell in an article on Kashmir shawls in the Mentor.

The Paisley is merely a machine-made European imitation of the shawls woven by hand in the vale of Kashmir for over two thousand years. In fact, in the days of the Caesars, Kashmir shawls were seen on the streets of the Roman empire.

How Labeling Is Made Easy.

A small wheel is the basis of a handy printing device. It is intended for labeling or any other kind of writing. The wheel is about three inches high and has arranged about its rim the alphabet, numbers and punctuation marks. Protruding from the center on the left side is a small knob for turning the wheel, while a spring on the other side runs to a metal brace which holds the wheel in its perpendicular position, shows just where the letter is to strike, and serves as a rest for the hand used in the operation of the device.

How to Teach Health Habits.

Young children may be inspired to clean personal health habits through stories in which fairy toothbrush, elfin hairbrush, little dwarf nail file, brownie clothes brush and old troll blacking brush are the chief actors. These fairy folk may go through a story continued from day to day that will enthrall the children into a great fondness for them, if mother is imaginative and allows her imagination to have full sway, for the entertainment and benefit of her children.

Signs.

Also says: "When you catch a girl studying the marriage ritual the breath of promise laws and the time tables to Reno at the same time you can figure she's in an uncertain state of mind."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

